

LINCOLN HIGHWAY

Route Fixed by the Association Includes Bedford

NEW YORK—SAN FRANCISCO

According to the Present Plan \$10,000,000 Will Be Required for Completion of the Work.

Detroit, Mich., September 22.—The Lincoln Highway Association has issued its proclamation announcing the itinerary of this highway from New York to San Francisco. In brief, the route passes through Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Chicago, Omaha, Cheyenne, Salt Lake City and Reno to San Francisco. The route from Chicago west is over the well-known transcontinental route known as the Overland trail, which, with few exceptions, in the route which has been recognized as the transcontinental highway for years.

Between New York and Chicago the route does not follow one of the best known lines in that it leaves out Buffalo, Cleveland and Toledo. From New York it follows the well-known itinerary by way of Jersey City and Trenton to Philadelphia. From Philadelphia it takes in the most interesting points across the state by way of Lancaster, York, Gettysburg, Bedford and Greensburg to Pittsburgh; from Pittsburgh it bears by way of Beaver Falls to Canton and keeping south of Lake Erie heads direct for Fort Wayne, Ind., by way of Kenton, Lima and Van Wert. From Fort Wayne to Ligonier, the route joins the well known Chicago-Cleveland road entering Chicago through Elkhart, South Bend, Laporte and Valparaiso. For those who do not desire to enter Chicago, the itinerary shows the route skirting through Chicago Heights and Joliet where it bears north to join the standard Overland trail from Chicago to the Mississippi in through the village of Geneva on the Fox River.

Overland Route Followed

From Geneva west the Overland trail route is adhered to, crossing the Mississippi at Clinton, and thence taking the direct route across Iowa to Cedar Rapids, Ames, Grand Junction, Jefferson, and Dennison to Council Bluffs. In rough Nebraska the route follows the Platte River Valley by way of Columbus, Grand Island, Kearney, and North Platte to Big Springs at which point a southern detour to Denver is indicated, the main route, however, continuing straight west through Chappell, Sidney, and Pine Bluffs to Cheyenne where the other loop from Denver again joins it.

Across Wyoming the course leads through Laramie, Rawlins, Point of Rocks and Granger to Evanston.

The route through Utah is by way of Echo and Partley's Canon to Salt Lake City, and thence through Garfield and Grantsville to the Nevada line at Bafah.

Across Nevada it is direct through Ely and Austin to Reno, at which point an option is given, one route bearing south through Carson City, and Placerville to Sacramento, the other route further north passing through Truckee and Auburn to Sacramento. From Sacramento the route lies through Stockton and Oakland to San Francisco.

The insignia of the Lincoln Highway has been adopted as a red, white and blue oblong bearing the words "Lincoln Highway" above and below a large capital L on the white portion of it. The white band is approximately three times the width of either.

(Continued on eighth page.)

Mrs. Anna S. Patterson

Mrs. Anna Stone Patterson died at her home in Portland, Ore., on Saturday, August 23, of spinal meningitis. The deceased was born July 25, 1875, at Bedford, and was aged 38 years and 29 days. She was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Stone. The father is dead and the mother resides in Tiffin, O. The following brothers and sisters survive: R. Foster Stone of Oakland, Cal.; John Stone and Mrs. A. B. Strouse, of Fostoria, O.; Mrs. Homer Stewart of Port Clinton, Mich.; and Charles and Harry Stone, of Tiffin, O.

Mrs. Patterson lived in Tiffin many years, and was a successful teacher in the public schools there. She was an earnest Christian woman, a member of the English Lutheran Church at Tiffin and a prominent member of the Good Government League of Portland, Ore. She had many friends wherever she lived. The sincere sympathy of all is extended to the sorrowing relatives. A Friend.

FATAL ACCIDENT

John Sigel Killed By Fall From New Barn.

Tuesday afternoon while assisting in the erection of a new barn for Henry Fletcher in Monroe Township, John Sigel of Clearville, accidentally fell from a scaffold to the ground, a distance of fifteen feet, and was so badly injured that he died the same evening about 8 o'clock. The sad affair happened about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and Mr. Sigel was unconscious from that time until he died. No bones were broken, but his head and body were covered with injuries, and it is thought that concussion of the brain caused death.

Mr. Sigel was aged about 55 years, and is survived by his wife, who was Miss Nora Deyarmin, and two children. Funeral services will be conducted today at his late home at Clearville. Deceased was an uncle of Mrs. Harvey G. Davidson of this place.

Watters-Leonard

The parsonage of the First Lutheran Church, Altoona, was the scene of a quiet wedding last Friday morning when Rev. M. J. Kline, the pastor, united in marriage Charles F. Watters and Miss Ada Loretta Leonard, of this place. After a wedding trip to Niagara Falls, Buffalo and Pittsburgh, they will reside here.

The groom is a son of Mr. and Mrs. George W. Watters, of Mann's Choice, and is the assistant agent of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company at this place. The bride is the youngest daughter of Mrs. Philip Leonard. Both have many friends who extend congratulations.

Will Close Tomorrow

In order that all clerks and employees may attend the Fair tomorrow—the best day of the exhibition—the stores and business places of the town will close at noon. This is a good move and it is to be hoped all who can do so will cheerfully sign the "close up" paper when it is presented.

New Attorney for Bedford

Emory D. Claar, who is now at home with his mother, Mrs. Harriet Claar, near Bedford, recently received notice from the State Board of Law Examiners that he had successfully passed the examination held July 1, for admission as an attorney with the right to practice before the Supreme Court. Mr. Claar was formerly a school teacher in Bedford Township and later was principal of the schools at Malvern, Delaware County. He then entered the University of Pennsylvania, and, after a three years' course in the Law Department, graduated last June. During his University studies, he was registered as a student in the office of B. F. Madore, Esq., of Bedford. He will present his certificate at the Argument Court for admission to the Bar of Bedford County. Mr. Claar expects to open an office in Bedford about November 1.

Mrs. Emily Wenrick

Mrs. Emily Wenrick died at her home in Cumberland of heart trouble on Monday, September 15, aged 68 years. She was the last surviving daughter of John and Rebecca Fletcher, of Flintstone, Md. Her sister, Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Hanks, died in Everett about six months ago. A number of nieces and nephews survive.

James Bloom

The funeral of James Bloom, son of Michael and Maria Bloom, was held at his home in Hyndman on Tuesday, September 16. He was born February 27, 1847, and died September 14, 1913, aged 66 years, six months and 17 days. His wife, five sons and one daughter survive: John C., of Cumberland, J. W., Russell J., Darl M. and Harry V., of Hyndman, and Mrs. Adda M. De-shong of Fair Chance. One brother, John Bloom, of Everett is also living. He was a veteran of the Civil War, having served in Company H, 3rd Regiment P. H. B., Maryland Infantry.

Mrs. James Pitzer

Mrs. James Pitzer died at her home in Cumberland on Thursday of last week, aged 66 years. Before her marriage, she was Miss Amanda F. Elder of Cumberland Valley. She is survived by her husband, two children; also by two brothers and one sister: Joseph E. Elder of Terre Haute, Ind., Alvin R. Elder of Quincy, Ill., and Mrs. A. B. Blair of Hyndman.

The funeral services were held at the late home Monday afternoon. Interment was made in Rose Hill Cemetery, Cumberland.

MENTIONED IN BRIEF

Town Talk and Neighborhood Notes Tersely Told

MANY ITEMS OF INTEREST

Gleaned From Various Sources—Little Points Picked Up By Vigilant Reporters.

A good boy is wanted at this office. Must be 16 years of age or over, and willing to work. No cigarettes.

Rev. L. F. Brown of Gettysburg will preach in the Presbyterian Church Sunday morning and evening.

A marriage license was issued in Cumberland this week to Jesse Garfield Rowser and Alma Sauter, both of Pleasantville.

Miss Edna Mardorff, who has been cashier for the past six months in W. E. Slaughter's department store, has resigned her position.

Among the marriage licenses issued this week by Prothonotary Guyer was one where the bride was only fourteen years of age.

Rev. E. A. Snook of Mann's Choice assisted at the marriage of Hugh Alexander and Miss Stella Heat, of Hampshire County, W. Va., on Wednesday of last week.

James S. Davidson, who recently purchased from J. F. Brightbill the vacant lot between the residences of B. F. Boore and Benjamin Hackett, is erecting a dwelling house thereon.

At the annual session of the Pittsburgh Evangelical Conference held in Johnstown last week Rev. J. C. Powell was appointed pastor at Hyndman and Rev. D. E. Berkey of the Pleasantville Charge.

Quite a number of girls at the P-Nut Factory last week earned over \$10 each and the average for all the girls for the week was \$7.88. The factory has never before had so many orders and we are informed that many more girls are needed at once.

The County Commissioners, assisted by Clerk George Shuck, Attorney John N. Minnich and Orange Dively, have completed the count of last week's primary. They started Friday noon and worked continuously, including Sunday, up to Tuesday afternoon.

Members of the Sunday Schools comprising Napier District, No. 12, will hold a convention on Saturday, October 4, in the Bethel Church, Napier Township, beginning at 10 a. m. An excellent program has been prepared and a successful meeting is anticipated.

The following Bedford Countians have been drawn for jury duty at the October term of the Superior Court in Pittsburgh: Grand Juror, Howard Cessna, Rainsburg; Petit Jurors, Cessna, Baker, Everett; Cyrus W. Blackburn, Point; Harry Ridenour, New Paris; George W. Hoover, Schellsburg, and O. C. Neeley, Alum Bank.

While in the County Commissioners' office Wednesday morning, a Gazette reporter had the pleasure of listening to a duet sung by Commissioners Diehl and Imler. Mr. Diehl is the possessor of a splendid tenor voice while Mr. Imler's is a deep bass, and both are old-time singers. The other member of the board, Mr. Hengst, says he is an excellent reader of music, but possesses too much Dutch to sing.

The windows of The Little Antique Shop are filled with timely pictures and cartoons that are worth going to see. One of the cartoons pictures a woman's hand holding a banner upon which is printed these words: "Votes for women," and in the shadow of the banner there is an empty cradle. Over this cartoon there hangs a card upon which is printed: "Woman is queen, but her kingdom is the domestic kingdom."

Daniel M. Shuck

Daniel M. Shuck, a former resident of this place, died at Washington, D. C., Saturday, September 27. The cause of his death was Bright's disease. Mr. Shuck was a son of Josiah D. and Mary Shuck, and was born at Bedford January 21, 1847.

The body was brought to this place Sunday morning and was taken to the home of his sister, Mrs. Mae Jordan, South Juliana Street, where funeral services were conducted by Rev. G. W. Faus of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Monday morning. Interment was made in the Bedford Cemetery.

Besides Mrs. Jordan, the deceased is survived by two other sisters, Mrs. E. M. Sheetz of Washington, D. C., and Mrs. Laura Wright of this place.

ANNUAL MEETING

Missionary Society of Juniata Classis Gather at Mann's Choice.

The Juniata Classical Missionary Society of the Reformed Church met in annual session in Grace Reformed Church, Mann's Choice, on September 16-18. About forty delegates attended, and an interesting program was rendered. One feature was the Mission Study classes conducted, one on Home Missions, led by Joseph Wise of Philadelphia, using the text book "Immigration Forces." Another class on Foreign Missions was led by Mrs. J. G. Rupp of Allentown, which studied the text book "The Emergency of China."

At this annual meeting the society decided to gather funds in the sum of \$500, a Church Building Fund for the Home Board. Another item of business was the adoption of the following resolution: "That this Society become responsible for the support of Miss Meta Bridenbaugh as our Classical Missionary to China, that we form a prayer circle of six hundred women of the Classis with a contribution of one dollar from each one for five years, and that a central committee of five women be appointed by the chairman to carry out the plan, and that the plan shall become operative when the amount is pledged." Miss Bridenbaugh is a daughter of P. H. Bridenbaugh of Hollidaysburg, Superintendent of the County Almshouse of Blair County, and an Elder in the St. Paul's Reformed congregation at Hollidaysburg. Miss Bridenbaugh is located at Yochow, Hunan Province, China, having gone to the foreign field a few years ago.

The officers for the ensuing year are: President, Rev. E. A. G. Hermann, Cessna; Vice President, Rev. E. M. Adair, Mann's Choice; Secretary, Miss Edna Cantner, Huntingdon; Treasurer, Mrs. D. E. Masters, Huntingdon. The next annual meeting will be held with the Huntingdon congregation.

Mrs. Elizabeth Bowser

Mrs. Elizabeth Bowser, daughter of James and Catherine Kelly, was born November 17, 1825, and died at Waterside September 19, 1913, aged 87 years, nine months and 26 days. She was born in Yellow Creek, where she spent most of her life. She was a faithful member of the Reformed Church for over sixty years and attended services with unflinching regularity until about five years ago, when her health prevented. She was known among her friends as a devoted wife and mother and a kind and faithful neighbor.

The following sons and daughters survive: Savilla, Mrs. Oliver Perrin of Saxton; Jeanette, Mrs. W. E. Baker of Waterside; Rebecca, Mrs. H. W. Cogan of Yellow Creek; Catherine, Mrs. Valentine Fink of Yellow Creek; Rufus of El Paso, Tex.; Henry of Yellow Creek; Tobias of Jerome, Ariz.; Edward of Altoona and Simeon of Denver, Colo.; also by one brother, William Kelly of Orbisonia, twenty-nine grandchildren and fourteen great-grandchildren.

The body was taken to Yellow Creek last Saturday, where funeral services were held in the Reformed Church and were conducted by her pastor, Rev. C. Skyles. Interment was made in the cemetery adjoining the church.

Urges Support to No-License Candidate

At a regular meeting of the County Executive Committee of the Sunday Schools of Bedford County, in Bedford, on Monday, September 22, among the many items of business transacted, the following action is noteworthy:

1. That we, as a committee, met in regular session, urge all the members of the Sunday Schools of Bedford County to labor for the election of the no-liquor license candidate, at the coming election in November, believing that our county is most fortunate in not having a liquor license in said county.

2. That we urge every member to be active against the election of the liquor or license candidate.

3. That it is not a matter of politics, in the election of the Judiciary, but a matter of the protection of the home and the schools.

J. Reed Irvine, Secretary Executive Committee, Bedford, Pa., Sept. 22, 1913.

Home Wedding

At the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Adam Shaffer, near Belden, on Monday, September 22, by Rev. I. R. Melroy of Wolfburg, Samuel Ross Carney of Bedford Township was married to Miss Iva Ruth Shaffer, of near Belden.

FAIR A SUCCESS

The Exhibits This Year Are Larger and Better Than Ever

THOUSANDS OF PERSONS

Will Be In Attendance Today—Thrilling Balloon Ascension and Descent a Success Yesterday.

The Fair now going on has been a grand success so far. Without a doubt it is the best exhibition ever given by the Agricultural Society. The main free attraction, a balloon ascension, with a five parachute descent, is alone worth coming to see. Many other free attractions are on the grounds. Forty horses are entered for the races, coming from all sections of the country.

The exhibition of live stock is the largest in the history of the Fair Association; additional sheds had to be erected Tuesday to accommodate this feature of the Fair.

In the fancy work department, a large and varied assortment of fancy articles are displayed by the ladies of the county. Owing to the scarcity of fruits in the county, the display along this line is not as large as other years, but, however, a fair display is to be seen.

The exhibit of machinery is good and all kind is on the grounds. In the grain and vegetable department is to be seen a fine line of products. Some pumpkins, too.

Quite a number of good, clean shows are there and something is doing all the time to interest and entertain the visitors to the Fair. Besure to attend today or tomorrow. Friday is the best day of the exhibition. The big races are pulled off on this day.

Bedford 11, Wolfburg 4

The ball game on Wednesday afternoon between Wolfburg and Bedford resulted in a victory for the latter team by the score of 11 to 4. This entitles the Bedford team to play Ellerslie this afternoon. The winner of this afternoon's contest will play Saxton tomorrow afternoon.

Much interest was manifested in yesterday's races. A complete report of the week's events will appear in our next issue.

John Wy Boor

John Wesley Boor, a well known citizen of this place, died at his late residence, South Juliana Street, Monday morning, September 22, after a lingering illness, caused by a complication of diseases.

The deceased was a son of John and Eliza Boor, both deceased, and was born in Bedford June 6, 1853, being aged at the time of his death 60 years, three months and 16 days.

In June, 1882, he was united in marriage with Miss Lenora Adele White, who, with two sons, Claude of Washington, D. C., and Irvine of Denver, Colo., survives. He is also survived by three sisters, Mrs. Watson Stiffler of Elkins, W. Va., Mrs. Frank M. Amos and Mrs. Scott Lysinger, of this place.

The funeral service was conducted by Rev. G. W. Faus of the M. E. Church Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock at the late home of deceased. Interment was made in the Bedford Cemetery.

Mr. Boor was a member of Bedford Lodge, No. 320, Free and Accepted Masons, which organization attended the funeral in a body and conducted services at the grave.

Early in life Mr. Boor conducted a novelty store at this place and later was employed as an agent, with headquarters at Pittsburgh. Several years ago he returned to Bedford. In politics, he was an ardent Democrat and was very active in the support of his party.

Charles W. Pugh

Charles Washington Pugh, aged 75 years, died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Mary J. Morgan, in Johnstown, last Friday morning. He was born at Schellsburg in October 1838, and on May 1, 1866, was married to Katharine Custer at Stoyestown. Mrs. Pugh died on January 19, 1892. Two daughters survive, Mrs. Carrie B. Lang of Pittsburgh, and Mrs. Morgan of Johnstown.

The funeral services were held in Johnstown Monday evening and interment was made in the Odd Fellows' Cemetery at Stoyestown on Tuesday.

During the Civil War Mr. Pugh served in the 54th Regiment, Pa. Vol. Infantry.

PERSONAL NOTES

People Who Move Hither and Thither in This Busy World.

Miss Edith Brightbill of Philadelphia is visiting home folks.

Mr. J. E. Evans of Huntingdon is a Bedford visitor this week.

Mr. D. A. Miller of Pleasantville was a Bedford visitor yesterday.

Miss Kate Eicholtz is visiting relatives throughout Adams County.

Mrs. Charles D. Brode is visiting relatives and friends in Philadelphia.

Mr. Emory Beagle of Imler transacted business in Bedford last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bingham, of Altoona, are attending the Fair several days this week.

Mr. George H. Miller, of Schellsburg, was a business caller at this office Monday.

Mr. George E. Sliger of Cumberland Valley was a Bedford visitor last Saturday.

Mr. Jesse Smith of Wheeling, W. Va., is spending some time with Bedford relatives.

Mr. George A. Hoagland of Cessna was a caller at The Gazette office while in town yesterday.

Mrs. J. R. Mardorff of Cumberland is a guest at the home of her son, Mr. Howard Mardorff, East Penn Street.

Mr. David Miller of Saxton was a guest of his mother, Mrs. Jennie Miller, at the home of Mr. C. C. Irwin, Sunday.

Misses Freeda Cooper and May Shearer, of Clearville, were recent visitors at the home of County Treasurer John Fletcher.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Wesley Lee, of Altoona, are guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Lysinger, East Penn Street.

Hon. John T. Matt of Everett and Mr. Crosby, a newspaper man of Harrisburg, were Bedford visitors Wednesday.

Mr. Claude Boor of Washington, D. C., was called home this week by the death of his father, Mr. John Wy Boor.

Mr. Ross Moorehead of Tyrone spent several days this week here with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Moorehead.

Mr. J. A. Cuppett of New Paris called to see us while in town Wednesday. He is one of The Gazette's oldest correspondents, being a contributor for about 33 years.

Mr. D. W. Snyder, editor of the Alleganian, Cumberland, and known to many Gazette readers as "Phillip's Boy," was a visitor here with friends from Saturday until Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Sullenberger, of Hutchinson, Kas., and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Eversole, of Mercersburg, visited a few days this week at the home of Miss Kate Eicholtz and Mrs. H. A. Cook on East Penn Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Beagle, of Everett, are guests this week of Mrs. Beagle's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Davidson. Mr. Beagle has charge of A. H. Whetstone's booth at the Fair.

Rev. and Mrs. J. Albert Eyer and son Paul returned to Bedford last Friday from a two weeks' vacation spent among friends in Ohio and Western Pennsylvania. They made the trip to Ohio by auto, accompanying former parishioners who had visited them in Bedford.

Among those who left for college since our last issue were Misses Edith Smith for Woman's College, Frederick, Md.; Margaret Cromwell, accompanied by Miss Miriam Mann of Everett for Highland Hall, Hollidaysburg; Lorraine Heltzel for Juniata College, Huntingdon, and Mr. Russell Blackburn for Swarthmore College.

After spending a pleasant time at the home of her uncle, Mr. Harrison Hartley, Miss Florida Howard left Bedford Monday morning for Pittsburgh. After spending a few days there she will visit Altoona, Harrisburg and Philadelphia. She will leave the latter part of October for her flowery and sunshiny home at Orlando, Florida.

Those from a distance who attended the funeral of Daniel M. Shuck on Monday were Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Sheetz, Messrs. C. C. Coombs, John Brobey and George P. Killian, of Washington, D. C.; William J. Wright of Duncansville, Albert Nycum of Wilkensburg, W. R. Fagley, Mr. Weister, Daniel Manow, Jet D. Sheetz, Mrs. James Keemer, Mrs. Ralph Baston and Miss Minnie Miller, of Lancaster.

POLITICAL PICK-UPS

Interesting Items Culled From Our Many State Exchanges

DEMOCRATIC CLUBS

Should Be Organized in Every Borough and District—Creation of Debt for Road Making.

Senator Penrose doubtless developed his desire to be a "jiner" as a result of his experiences as a member of the Down and Out Club.—Johnstown Democrat.

So far as it has progressed grape juice diplomacy has shown a decided superiority over some other varieties we might mention.—Connellsville News.

Results of the Maine election indicate that the Progressives must be up and doing in this state or Penrose will get them.—DuBois Express.

Senator LaFollette was wiser in his day and generation than some other Progressives. When it came down to a choice between a Democratic tariff for the benefit of the people and a Republican tariff by and for Big Business, he courageously and consistently chose the former.—Johnstown Democrat.

During the sixteen years of Republican bliss every appointment of a faithful was taken as a matter of course. Now when a Democrat receives the same favors there is a great howl from the Third Party organs that the Democrats have no regard for merit system. It all depends upon whose back is being scratched.—Selinsgrove Times.

After an investigation of the enrollment figures over the State, the "Ledger" concludes that the Washington party has collapsed and that the Roosevelt hysteria has subsided. This, however, is not to be taken as an endorsement of the Penrose Machine. The political campaign of 1912 was a remarkable protest against the Republican leadership. If the protest is not heeded it may be necessary for another similar but more determined protest.—Carlisle Evening Standard.

We would not interpose an objection to Republican rejoicing over an alleged "victory" in Maine which barely permits them to keep what they have. Excuses for Republican rejoicing are rare nowadays.

But in the interest of accurate political history we must remind them that the district they have succeeded in holding by a brittle thread has been Democratic but once since before Blaine's time, that having been in 1910, the year of the Democratic landslide.—Chambersburg Valley Spirit.

Senator Cummins charged that President Wilson was a much more masterful person than Woodrow Wilson as a professor. He gave interesting quotations and emphasized the evident fact that President Wilson has handled the Democratic Congress with amazing ease. The members have eaten both tariff and currency out of his hand, and then jumped through the hoops whenever he cracked the whip—he always cracked it gently, just as though he had not the heart to hurt a soul.

But Senator Cummins and those who share his views have failed to arouse indignation among the people. In these matters the public is usually a good sport and likes a winner. When they observe how artistically the President has managed his menageries they are more disposed to root than rave.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

It will be time enough to seriously consider the creation of a debt for road making, when we have a State Highway Department that can and does build roads that will last; roads that are permanent improvements and when we have a State administration that is for the people; one that wants to know and wants the people to know all that is to be learned about good-road making.

The present administration does not want the people to know, as Hon. A. Mitchell Palmer has pointed out, or it would have accepted the offer of the United States of \$100,000 to be expended in making rural delivery roads in Pennsylvania, under the supervision of Federal experts as object lessons in road making.—Harrisburg Patriot.

Wall Street is still dissatisfied with the terms of the Glass currency bill. This, notwithstanding that the framers of the measure took for its groundwork a bill which had the "unqualified approval" of the American Bankers' Association, that they have made large concessions to the banking interests, as in the reduction of reserve requirements, and that the

measure as it stands is generally endorsed by bankers not too strongly subject to the Wall Street influence. The motive of Wall Street's opposition is patent. The big financiers want one central bank which they can control themselves instead of the 12 regional reserve banks provided by the bill, which they could not hope to control. Wall Street's opposition, under the circumstances, is the best possible evidence that the Glass bill is a worthy measure drawn up in the interest of the whole people.—Hazleton Standard.

A healthy and lasting political influence is anticipated from the convention of Democratic Clubs in Pennsylvania held in York recently. No one who attended that meeting regrets the time or expense of being there. The character of the representatives tell more plainly than words can explain the standing of the men interesting themselves in Democratic affairs in this State at the present time. The conduct of those attending this convention contrasts so favorably with meetings of similar purposes a few years ago that a citizen can now feel proud to be a Democrat in Pennsylvania. The Federation of Democratic Clubs is doing a strong work in purifying politics and spreading Democratic gospel truths throughout the State.—Ambridge News-Herald.

Just at this time when the Democratic administration and Congress are on trial before the people of the country there is a scanning of the horizon for political signs as to how the people are considering the situation. That may best be ascertained by the result of the scattered elections that are held as occasion arises. It is therefore a matter of gratification on the part of Democrats when an election for Congress in the Third District of Maine, always a strong Republican bailiwick, the one formerly represented by James G. Blaine, and at a special election when the vote would be expected to be short, a Democrat should come within five hundred votes of being elected. Furthermore the Democratic vote at that special election did not show any falling off from that of the regular election when President Wilson was elected, and enthusiasm attendant upon a national election was rife. Nothing better in the way of signs of the times could be wished for than the Maine election; even if the election of a Republican there was a foregone conclusion.—Easton Argus.

The National City Bank of New York and that influential group of banks which represent especially the Standard Oil Company, and other huge financial interests, is flooding the country with literature in opposition to the administration currency bill. As it is well known that this new currency bill will take the financial control of the country out of the hands of Wall Street and place it absolutely in the hands of the Government. Placing the control of the finances of the country in the hands of the Government, where it belongs, is what Wall Street calls placing the control in the hands of "the politicians." The Post Office Department is controlled by the Government (or politicians as they say it) and it is run absolutely in the interest of the people, and so will the currency of the country be controlled in the interest of the people when the currency bill becomes a law as it undoubtedly will, and there will be no more panics nor hard times thereafter. With the exception of the Wall Street group, the other banks of the country are heartily and enthusiastically in favor of the Administration Currency Bill, and the Southern and Western Bankers have expressed themselves in emphatic terms.—Montgomery Mirror.

Every Democratic voter of Adams County can read with profit the report of the big Democratic meeting at York. When the reading has been finished go back and re-read the words of Congressman A. Mitchell Palmer, "State conventions have been abolished, and it is only through such organizations as the Federation of

CATARRH SUFFERERS

Get Immediate and Effective Relief by Using Hyomei.

Hyomei is nature's true remedy for catarrh. There is no stomach dosing—you breathe it. When using this treatment, you breathe healing balsams and effectively reach the most remote air cells of the throat, nose and lungs, the catarrhal germs are destroyed—quick and sure relief results.

Hyomei often restores health to chronic cases that had given up all hope of recovery. Its best action is at the start of the disease when the breath is becoming offensive, and constant sniffing, discharges from the nose, droppings in the throat, or that choked up feeling begin to make life a burden. At the first symptom of catarrhal trouble, surely use Hyomei. Ask F. W. Jordan, Jr., for the complete outfit, \$1.00. He will refund the money if it does not give satisfaction. Sept. 17-21. Adv.

BURNS, CUTS, BRUISES

San Cura Ointment Stops Pain at Once, Draws Out all Poisons, and Heals Promptly.

In all the world there is no ointment, no liniment, no remedy for burns, cuts and bruises that can compare with this antiseptic ointment called San Cura.

Every person ought to have a jar on hand; it is the first and best aid to the injured in case of accident, and is the ideal remedy for so many other distressing and painful ailments besides.

For example: It is guaranteed by Ed. D. Heckerman to cure itching, bleeding and protruding piles, eczema, tetter, ulcers, salt rheum, boils, carbuncles and pimples, or money back.

In case of old running sores, no matter how long standing, a few poultices of San Cura Ointment will draw out every particle of poison, and leave it in such a thoroughly antiseptic condition that the sore will heal, never to break open again.

We advise every reader to get a jar of San Cura Ointment today and keep it ready for an accident or emergency that may happen. 25 cents and 50 cents at Ed. D. Heckerman's on the money-back plan.

Soap For the Scalp
San Cura Soap is delightful for shampooing, because it is full of antiseptic properties that banish the germs of dandruff and other impurities from the scalp. It cures pimples and blackheads, too. 25 cents a cake at Ed. D. Heckerman's.
Mail orders for San Cura Ointment and Soap filled by Thompson Medical Co., Titusville, Pa.

Democratic Clubs that platforms may be promulgated in the days to come," and "The Federation and Clubs of which it is composed should be built up so that it may in reality be the voice of Democracy speaking in Pennsylvania."

There have been many changes in our election laws in recent years and there will be others in the near future, by which the election machinery will be brought nearer the people and better record the will of the people. Election machinery, however, can no more take the place of parties and party organization than a church building can take the place of the religious convictions of the congregation. The new election machinery has left things as sea as demonstrated in districts having no party nominations. There must be party principle and there must be candidates representing these principles and election machinery will not provide all this to a party doing nothing with folded hands.

There has been much reform legislation in the interests of a government of, for and by the people and this will all be failure if party organization is to be destroyed, to give place to political indifference as the election machinery goes around. Democratic forms of government depend upon the people, and along with new election machinery should go hand in hand new forms of party organization. When state and county conventions have been abolished Democratic political principles and sentiment must be crystallized into new expressions, such as clubs and federations so as to maintain party organizations.

In this new political era of doing things differently than they have been done before, the Democrats of Adams County have only one club instead of thirty-five it should have. New Oxford Club leads the way. Let the Democrats of the county awaken to the situation. Democratic Clubs should be formed in every election district and use school houses for periodical meetings. This year should see Democratic Clubs in every borough in the county and many townships. Every Democratic voter should be invited to become members of these clubs and all clubs should become members of a county federation with a convention every year and all clubs members of the State Federation being represented in its annual meeting. Don't stop to think about it. Get busy. Organize Democratic Clubs.—Gettysburg Compiler.

The Secretary of State has defined the so-called Progressive as a factor in politics, and he hits the mark squarely. The Progressive is a "man who is ashamed to be a Republican and hasn't the courage to be a Democrat."

We are satisfied as to the truth of the first explanation of this peculiar character, but are inclined to believe that his courage, while it may have been weak in the past, is growing. In time the Progressive who really desires to win something with the aid of his vote, will be found courageous enough and ambitious enough to become a Democrat, and thereby save the country from any danger at the hands of the party of which he is ashamed.

Many Progressives frankly admit that they are Democrats, but they want to preserve their identity. This is a mistaken policy. There is but one way to accomplish results, and that is by united action. When the Progressives realize this they will become Democratic recruits and the work they have in view will be accomplished.—Clinton Democrat.

MUCH SUFFERING IN BALKANS

General Miles Reports Thousands of Wounded Unaided.

"If we have reached a higher, nobler and more humane civilization, I trust it may be demonstrated by a prompt response to the cry of distress that now comes to us from unhappy Bulgaria." In these words, Lieut. General Nelson A. Miles, of the United States Army, who recently returned from Europe, where he beheld inconceivable misery, appeals to his fellow countrymen through the American Red Cross to relieve the suffering of uncared-for wounded soldiers and the despair of helpless and homeless women and children.

The communication which the American Red Cross received from General Miles is as follows:

"As a charter member of the American Red Cross, I feel it a duty again to call attention to the appalling destruction of life in the Balkans, the desolation of large districts of country and the terrible condition of the wounded, especially in the territory of Bulgaria, from whence I have just returned. During the war with Turkey, the losses in killed and wounded were unprecedented. The Montenegro army lost twenty-five per cent. of the men engaged, while the Bulgarian army lost 86,000 men. It is not necessary here, or now, to say who was responsible for this war. Those who are responsible for wars and railroad disasters are not the ones who suffer. It is sufficient to say that one of the most desperate and destructive wars of modern times has been fought within the last few months, leaving whole districts of country devastated. Every home and harvest field burned or destroyed.

"At the capital of Bulgaria the railroad officials reported that 50,000 disabled men have been received. I saw the general and field hospitals all overcrowded with wounded men, and in one field there were four thousand wounded men without shelter from the sun or rain. The highest military officials reported over 100,000 men killed and wounded in the Bulgarian army, and it is reasonable to say that an equal number was disabled in the opposing armies. Every lady at the National Capital, including her Majesty the Queen, was acting as nurse to relieve the suffering.

"I saw more than 150,000 refugees who had fled from the cruel atrocities of the invader. In one group of these, twenty-five babies died in a single night from exposure and starvation. Many of the poor wounded soldiers have now no homes, for their country has been taken by foreign powers and their families, those that are alive, are wandering half starved, among the refugees. These facts give you a picture of the inhumanity and cruelties of war. Those who suffer are often in no way responsible. The reports of atrocities have been exaggerated, though some have been committed under the desperate excitement of fierce warfare.

"If we have reached a higher, nobler and more humane civilization, I trust it may be demonstrated by a prompt response to the cry of distress that now comes to us from unhappy Bulgaria. No more urgent cause was ever presented than the present, and no more urgent appeal was ever made to the generous human spirit of America than the one now made to send aid to the American Red Cross at Washington to be forwarded to her Majesty the Queen of Bulgaria who is at the head of the Red Cross of that country.

"Though their sufferings were not so great, and their means of relief more ample, I would also recommend that a part, say one-fourth, be sent to the Red Cross of Serbia.

"With great respect,
"Very sincerely yours,
"(Signed) Nelson A. Miles,
"Lieut. Gen. U. S. Army."

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For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

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"What Makes a Football Player?" Brains or brawn? The answer is told in a most interesting football article in this issue.

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Circumstantial Evidence

By DAVID WALTER CHURCH

A stagecoach lumbered along through the Rocky mountains in the region of a newly discovered mining district. In it were three women and four men. One of the men had a young face, but was prematurely gray. He kept his fellow passengers from becoming dull by telling stories and otherwise amusing them. When the coach reached a relay he left it and those he had entertained were sorry to part with him.

The coach had not gone far on the next relay before the passengers heard pistol shots, and the body of the driver came tumbling down from the box. Immediately a man with white hair and whose face was concealed by a mask rode to the side of the coach where the passengers could see him and ordered them to step out, line up and disgorge. The order was obeyed by all except one man, who, watching his opportunity, struck the robber a blow on the cheek; the strings which tied on his mask were broken and it fell to the ground, revealing a face that excited the astonishment of all.

In the robber they recognized their fellow traveler who had but recently parted from them.

He shot the man who had attacked him, collected the valuables of the passengers and rode away. One of the men mounted to the box and drove to the next relay.

The robbery was reported and a description of the robber given. A posse was organized and scoured the country round about. But they did not have to go far to find their man. He was found on the porch of a tavern smoking a cigar. After looking at him a moment the sheriff arrested him.

"What do you want with me?" he asked in real or pretended astonishment.

"You're wanted for the robbery of the coach that was held up and the murder of two persons. What's your name?"

"Edward Livermore."

"Well, Livermore, if that's your name, we're going to take you to the county seat to be tried. Come along." Livermore assured the men that they were making a mistake, but they paid no attention to what he said and took him to jail. He begged to have a speedy trial since he was looking for mining property and the mistake that had been made was delaying him. His request was granted partly because the evidence of the other passengers of the coach in which he had traveled was required and they were anxious to go about their business.

At the trial every one of them swore that Livermore was the robber and murderer. Another thing against him was that he had come to the tavern on a horse the same color as the robber had ridden when the coach was attacked. Livermore explained this by saying that he had hired the horse near the relay where he had left the coach.

Not a person in the courtroom but believed the prisoner and the robber were the same person. He had but little evidence to give in his behalf, and when it was in the public prosecutor rested the case. The judge instructed the jury, which retired and in half an hour returned with a verdict of guilty.

The judge was about to pass sentence when a man, who said he was a barber, entered the courtroom and asked to be heard. He said that the day before the robbery a man, who resembled the accused, had entered his shop to be shaved. During the shaving he had talked with the barber, who told him that he had recently come from the east with a remnant of a stock, including some wigs. The customer had purchased a white one.

This testimony made an impression on all in court except the judge. He considered it for a few minutes, then announced that he had decided not to regard it. Six fellow passengers of the prisoner had sworn that he was the murderer. The story of the barber was on its face a cheap device on the part of some friend to save him. It would not accord with the laws of evidence to regard it, conflicting as it did with the testimony of so many disinterested witnesses of good character. Livermore simply declared his innocence, saying that the real robber had bought the white wig for a disguise to help conceal his identity. The witnesses had been deceived by the similarity in the appearance of the two men.

Having listened to this statement, the judge passed the sentence, condemning the convicted man to be hanged on a certain date. He died protesting his innocence and predicting that some day the real murderer would turn up.

The murder and execution were followed by other robberies, apparently by different persons, for no two were dressed alike or looked alike, though being always masked, their faces were never seen. Finally one of them was arrested and convicted. The evening before he was swung off he confessed that he had committed all these crimes in different disguises, the first being the murder for which Livermore had been executed. His resemblance to Livermore was very strong. When a white wig was put on his head several of those who had testified against Livermore saw their error and felt they had sent an innocent man to the scaffold. The man who had committed the crime was executed, but it was not possible to bring Livermore back to life.

Oklahoma Man Tells About Kidney Remedy

Several years ago I was taken with severe pains in my back, due to diseased kidneys, and was forced to give up my daily labors. I heard of your great kidney remedy and resolved to try it. I did so with wonderful results.

Since taking Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root I have had no trouble from my kidneys. I am giving this testimonial of my own free will to let others know the wonderful merits of Swamp-Root.

If you should care to, you are at liberty to publish this testimonial whenever you choose.

Very truly yours,
J. A. PARRISH,
Stillwater, Okla.
Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 8th day of March, 1912.
H. S. Haussder,
Justice of the Peace.

Letter to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

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Send to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling all about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention the Bedford Gazette. Regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores. Sept. 25-4t. Advertisement.

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Noah's Ark

It Needed a Mrs. Noah

By CLARISSA MACKIE

The houseboat was moored under the willows by the river bank. It was a blunt-nosed, bargelike craft, its upper deck gay with red striped awnings and boxes of scarlet geraniums. A hatless young man garbed in white with his shirt sleeves rolled above brown arms was peeling potatoes in the doorway of the galley.

Every now and then the man lifted a pair of fine brown eyes and scanned the red bridge that crossed the river a hundred yards above the houseboat. Occasionally a farm wagon creaked across, or a touring motorcar flashed by. The river was uneasy these days. Successive spring rains had swelled it until it was now rising beyond its highest water mark. Almost imperceptibly the brown waters crept to the level of the banks, and the old bridge was alarmingly close to the surface of the stream.

But the country folk were slow going and not given to borrowing trouble. The willow never had overflowed its banks, and it never would. Often it had reached the floor of the bridge, only to subside when its tributary springs and streams had spilled out their surplus share of the spring rains. It had rained for weeks during this June, and when the houseboat crept up the stream and cast anchor under the willows the weatherwise predicted a wet vacation for the luckless voyager. They had watched the young man spread his easel on the shady deck and paint the slanting rain on the wheatfields or the sun peeping through the dripping willows or the boggy coolness of the farther shore.

Noah Parker was enjoying this vacation as he had never enjoyed one before. But there was a feeling of uneasiness in the gradual rising of the river, together with the newspaper accounts of the devastating floods in the adjacent states.

"Hey, there!" called a voice from the bank. And Noah set down his potatoes and went to the rail.

"Hello, Simon!" he called to the tow-headed farm lad, who held forth a basket of eggs. "Come aboard."

Simon timorously set one bare foot on the narrow landing plank, placed the other before it and finally reached the deck, where Noah promptly yanked him aboard, skillfully relieving him of the basket at the same instant.

"Two dozen for 30 cents," Simon, I feel like a robber," said Noah, diving into his pocket and bringing up a fifty cent piece. "Take this and keep the change if there is any way of spending 20 cents in this benighted hamlet."

Simon caught the coin, grinned delightedly and took the empty basket.

"I'm going to treat Miss Molly to ice cream," he confided blushing.

"Ah, ha! Who is Miss Molly?"

"Schoolteacher. She's going to stay all summer and teach again in September. She ain't got any folks to go home to, and she's boarding at our house. I wanted to treat her to something all winter, but, gosh hang it all, I couldn't seem to save enough. When ice cream sody was 5 cents a glass I got 10 cents all to once, and on my way home to ask her I saw a sign in the store saying it had gone up to 10 cents. So I just gave it up. But, by cricky, if you wait long enough you can get hold of anything!"

"You like your teacher, eh?" asked Noah.

Simon's eyes shone. "You betcher life. Why, what do you think she's doing, mister?"

"Give it up."

"Why, jest because me and Lem Peters and Susie Anderson couldn't sense fractions and didn't pass our zaminations last week, she's fixed up the old boathouse yonder for a schoolroom, and she helps us every afternoon with them fractions. She wants to help us on grammar, but I tell her I don't need it. Grammar don't bother me none; do you think so, mister?"

Noah suppressed a smile.

"It doesn't seem so, sonny."

"I'll tell her that, by gum. There she is now! I'm going to ask her right off I wonder what kind she'll take, what say?" Simon paused on the plank and looked anxiously through the torn trim of his hat at Noah.

"Probably she'll choose strawberry," responded Noah gravely, as man to man, and Simon nodded solemnly and capered away toward the bridge where a slender, blue gownned figure was crossing toward the town.

Noah saw her stop and wait for the lad, and he noted even from that distance that her hair was dark beneath her white hat and that her face was softly oval. She put one hand on Simon's shoulder and swung her parasol to the other side. Together they went away. Once they paused, and Simon pointed back at the houseboat, but Noah ducked into the kitchen, where he proceeded to put the neglected potatoes to boil.

"She must be a nice girl," he said to himself as he washed up his dishes after the meal, and then he realized, with a hot blush, that unconsciously he had been thinking of Miss Molly for an hour and a half.

That night it rained heavily after a severe thunderstorm, and as morning dawned Noah, lying wide awake, realized that the Ark, as he had named his pleasure boat, was scraping bottom.

He tossed on some clothes and in the pale gray light found that the river had risen until the hull of the Ark was resting on the muddy bank. He examined the motor and found it in order for an early start if it should be necessary.

It seemed vastly important that he should get the Ark out of the main current and into some safe inlet before the red bridge broke away, as it must under the pressure of the swollen river. Even now he could hear the dull roar of water against the timbers.

But daylight brought a gathering of skeptical farmers, who reluctantly fastened the shaking bridge to the willows by heavy logging chains at the four corners of its thirty foot span.

"She'll stand all right now. We've seen it worse'n this," grunted Ezra Bend, with a quizzical squint at Noah's disturbed face. "Want any help pushing your boat off the bank?"

"If you can spare time," returned the young man. "If the bridge should break away?"

"It won't break away; the water's falling already," interrupted Ezra, examining the two inches of river that had overflowed the meadow where they stood.

By noon the Ark was moving downstream with the current. The red bridge was straining at the chains, and wagons were going around by the new cement bridge at the upper falls.

Noah made fast to a bending willow and cooked his dinner. Just as he had concluded the meal there came a grinding crash from upstream, mingled with the roar of coming waters. A little island protected the Ark from the main current, and Noah watched keenly from his safe harbor for anything that might come with the flood.

First came the red bridge end on like some queer, crazy raft teetering up and down in the strong current. Behind it bobbed one of the willows pulled from the bank by the wrecked bridge. When bridge and tree had disappeared Noah got into his skiff and rowed around the island to wait for further floating objects. Here and there along the river banks were boathouses or occasional springhouses, where the farmers obtained their drinking water. In any one of these riverside houses, which must come down with the flood, might be a human being caught unawares.

At last there was a sound of voices, and there came riding down the current a small boathouse with its gabled roof pointing downstream, and sitting around the open doorway with feet swinging inside the little building were four people.

Noah did not attempt to catalogue them by name or identity. He simply reached out his handy boathook and pulled gently at first and then with all his strength until the house swirled heavily around and crashed to a momentary anchorage on the shore of the almost inundated island.

"I'll take you off in my boat. Hold on there for a moment!" cried Noah, and in five exciting minutes he had transferred the four voyagers to the safe deck of the Ark, where they all gazed breathlessly at each other before bursting into exclamations of surprise and joy at their rescue.

Noah looked curiously at them. There was Simon Bend, sunburned and dripping wet; there was undoubtedly Lem Peters, whose cranial contour indicated that fractions and he would never come to a definite understanding; there was Susie Anderson, fat and flaxen haired and good naturedly stupid looking, and last because she was not the least was a blue gownned girl with raven hair and starry blue eyes and cheeks quite pink with excitement.

"Well, Simon, suppose you introduce me to your teacher and your schoolmates," he said at last.

Miss Decker looked encouragingly at Simon, who twisted his fingers in his hair and shot an agonized glance at his rescuer.

"That's her," he stammered, pointing a finger at his teacher. "That's Miss Molly, I mean; and that's Susie, and she never bawled once, mister, when the river floated us while we was saying grammar; and that's Lem; he bawled some, and so did I; and say, mister, we had that ice cream last night!" he ended, with shining eyes.

"I'm very glad," said Noah kindly, as he shook hands with Molly Decker and her two bashful charges. "Now that you're safely on the Ark—yes, this is really Noah's Ark, my name is Noah Parker—suppose we find something to eat. Perhaps Miss Decker will take you below and rummage in the kitchen while I go out and watch for more castaways."

While Noah waited around at the end of the island, Molly and the children found materials and prepared an appetizing meal for the weary Noah when he should return to the Ark.

As they gathered around the table in the pretty dining room, Molly Decker poured the tea with charming grace. Perhaps that was what roused Susie Anderson to enthusiasm.

"Oh, Mr. Noah!" she cried excitedly. "Let's play this is the real Ark, and you are Mr. Noah and Miss Molly shall be Mrs. Noah, and I will be the dove! The boys can be animals if they want to," she added generously.

"We won't play it today, dears," said Miss Molly gently, but for some unaccountable reason her cheeks flushed deeper.

"The Ark will return some other day," added Noah gayly, "and take all of you for a sail down the river the whole school."

"And Miss Molly, too?" asked Simon jealously.

"And Miss Molly if she will come," assented Noah softly, and in his heart he added that he would try to persuade her to remain forever, for at last the only girl had come to him, and he told himself that every Ark needed a Mrs. Noah.

ADHESIVE TAPE.

Did You Ever Think How Useful It May Be in the Home?

A little forethought will provide adhesive tape for many emergency uses in the household outside of the sick-room. Labels for bottles and jars can be made of it, since the name is easily printed in ink, and the whole label may be removed with no effort when it is outgrown. A hot water bottle can be mended with adhesive tape; in fact, any rubber hose or container may have its life prolonged by it. Even a three cornered tear in a cloth or dark dress becomes invisible when pressed in place over a small square of it.

If any tacks are not at hand when the window shade is pulled off the roller adhesive tape will put it back strongly and neatly. "And when I have a corn or a tender spot on my foot," said the trained nurse who suggested some of these uses, "a little patch of adhesive tape is a great comfort and protection from chafing." A binding strip of adhesive tape is invaluable for sheet music that is muen in use. Manuscripts, too, can be fastened together at the top with a broad band of it.

Strips of adhesive tape are splendid for training plants, such as ivy or other vines, against a house foundation, for fastening rose bushes or tomato vines to the supporting frames or for any use in the garden when string or wire would cut the tender, growing stalks.—New York Tribune.

AUCTION SALES.

Elisha Yale Held the First One in England in 1700.

The first auction sale in England was held in 1700 by Elisha Yale, who had been governor of Madras and who adopted that plan for selling the East Indian wares he had brought home. The sale attracted wide attention and was so successful that others immediately adopted the plan.

Before the close of the eighteenth century England began to place a tax on auction sales, and at times these duties have ranged as high as 5 per cent. In 1845 the tax was repealed, but a charge imposed on the license to be taken out by all auctioneers. The abuses at auctions, caused by combinations of brokers to bid up the offerings, led to the adoption of stringent regulation.

In America auctioneers of a certain class have also been guilty of many impositions on the public. Fake "auction sales" of alleged bankrupt stocks of merchandise, "fire sales" and similar schemes have long been used to impose on the credulous. At many such sales the auctioneer has conferred in the crowd who start the bidding and continue it until some legitimate bidder has offered a price that affords the promoters a handsome profit. The imposition of heavy fines and prison sentences has discouraged this class of auctioneers in most sections.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

A Thousand-year-old Castle. Tamworth castle, which has had a thousand years of checkered existence, stands on the site of a Saxon fortress, built by a daughter of Alfred the Great, which was formerly the seat of the kings of Mercia. It will be familiar by name to all readers of Scott, who has made famous

Lord Marmion

Of Tamworth tower and town.

The present edifice is mainly a Jacobean structure, standing on a lofty artificial mound and chiefly remarkable for a multangular ivy clad tower and a rather gloomy banquet hall. It was sold to the corporation some years ago by the Marquis Townshend, who is on the distaff side a lineal descendant of the Marmions.—Westminster Gazette.

Ready For Anything. The efficiency of the French system of highly centralized government, even in the face of the upheavals of nature, has been comically illustrated.

A slight earthquake shock having been felt in a part of the French provinces, the prefect of one department, an important government official, telegraphed to the minister of the interior as follows: "On the first information of the seismic tremors I summoned the government attorney, the lieutenant of gendarmerie and the police magistrate. I have assumed my uniform and now await your orders."—London Mail.

When Everybody Gets Tired. If everybody is to be tired, what will become of art, music, literature or anything else not predigested and placed in convenient tabloid form for gobbling? No gloomier thought has come upon the horizon in years than the picture of what this globe will be when the tired business man and the tired business woman have ranged wearily, fobbily, snatchingly over it, hand to hand, for a quarter century or so.—New York Tribune.

Even Worse. He—Darling, don't you know that it is unlucky to postpone a wedding? She—I can't help that. My dressmaker is ill, and I'm afraid it would be more unlucky if I were to go and get married before having all the clothes I want made while my father is still willing to pay for them.

Escaped. Sister (at the piano)—Where is Herr Brann? Little Sister—Oh, I got up to open the door for Fido and he slipped out at the same time.—Fliegende Blätter.

Nothing can be done at once hastily and prudently.—Publius Syrus.

DEATH OF MAYOR GAYNOR

No Politician or Group of Politicians Dictated His Policy.

"I have been Mayor." These words of Mayor Gaynor's, uttered only a few days before his death at sea on September 10, might well be taken to sum up the editorial characterizations of the man and his administration in the New York papers. Political opponents were not a whit behind the most zealous advocates of the Mayor's re-election in paying tribute to his courage, his independence, and his executive ability. Nor was the occasion simply one for recounting the achievements of an administration now ended, for mourning the loss of a strong, original, and picturesque personality. For Mayor Gaynor died on the deck of the Baltic just one week after he had accepted an independent nomination for re-election on the steps of the City Hall, and had begun a series of characteristically bitter attacks upon the political organization which had not seen fit to honor him with a second nomination. The Gaynor candidacy was clearly an anti-Tammany cause. Now the political experts in the great city are wondering, will the Gaynor followers flock to Mitchell, or to McCall, or to some new candidate who will suit them better? A nomination which the leaders of the Gaynor movement offered to Mr. McAneny was at once rejected by him. There are now, as Chairman Haggood of the Fusion Committee points out, "only two tickets left in the field—one a straight Tammany ticket and one a straight anti-Tammany ticket." As many of the late Mayor's active supporters "as are honest in their opposition to Tammany will," declares the New York Tribune (Rep.), "promptly declare their intention of supporting Mr. Mitchell, for he is now the only hope of keeping the Mayor-ally out of the boss' hands." So, too, argues The World (Dem.), and The Globe (Ind.) holds that for these "Gaynor independents" "to vote for McCall or to be inactive against him would insult the Mayor's memory in a glaring way." The Press (Prog.), which, with Gaynor in the running, "was emphatically for him and emphatically against Mitchell," is apparently convinced by the argument, and says:

"Yesterday has passed; another condition presents itself today. It is Mitchell or Tammany, and between these two The Press is for Mitchell."

So it appears to the Jersey City Journal (Ind.), just across the Hudson, that Mayor Gaynor's death "should have the effect of making Mitchell's election certain by attracting to him the entire opposition to Tammany." Yet the New York Herald (Ind.) recalls that much of Gaynor's backing in his campaign for re-election came from conservative business men who "were out of sympathy with the radical views of John Purroy Mitchell and feared to place him in the Mayor's office, while at the same time could not come out openly and advocate the election of the Tammany Hall ticket." According to The Herald the Fusion leaders themselves do not expect to get the bulk of this support, and The Sun (Ind.), which was supporting Gaynor, asserts that the "very first concern" of the good citizen "is to save New York from the immeasurable disaster of the socialistic or semi-socialistic experiments portended by the continued presence of Mr. John Purroy Mitchell at the head of the Haggood ticket."

Irrespective of their opinions as to the wisdom or unwisdom of his official acts, and whether they were attracted or not by the strongly individual personality of Mayor Gaynor, editors and men of prominence throughout the country and in all walks of life regret the passing of "a great public character." The salient points which impressed themselves upon those who knew the man are thus happily sketched by the New York Sun:

"There have been reformers dry as summer dust and austere as an old rural slate gravestone. There have been popular idols who were nothing but sanctity and sawdust; there have been orators and writers who were nothing but words and style, personally hollow as drums. Mayor Gaynor had plenty of faults; he was irritable—there was plenty of physical excuse for it in his last days—he sometimes went too far and fast both on and off the bench; he fought without gloves; his humor and temperament did not always tempt him to be charitable to his opponents, who, to be sure, were seldom charitable to him; he liked to swat; he was more than a good hater; he was a pitiless scorner of many; he turned not the other cheek but the other fist to those who assailed him; he was hot-tempered, like many generous and placable natures; he saw his enemies in hell's own black, his friends in rose colors, he was impatient sometimes; he seemed a little fickle politically sometimes; far enough from a saint and right down near the passions, prejudices, hatreds, affections, the

For Your Baby. The Signature of

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is the only guarantee that you have the

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prepared by him for over 30 years.

YOU'LL give YOUR baby the BEST

Your Physician Knows Fletcher's Castoria.

Sold only in one size bottle, never in bulk or otherwise; to protect the babies.

The Centaur Company, *Chas. H. Fletcher* Pres't.

WE WANT LUMBER

and will contract with portable mill operators for their entire cut.

WE PAY CASH

when stock is loaded and can always furnish cutting orders to suit your timber

Write us and we will send one of our men to explain our plan of doing business

AMERICAN LUMBER & MFG. CO. Pittsburgh, Pa.

sympathies, and the laughter of common men.

"He had a constituency, a public which took in most of these United States. He brought 'that halting slave' Epictetus 'down to the people,' as Zaratustra would say. His letters, pithy, at times bitter, humorous, ironical, saturated in the strong juices of his character, enriched with long serious study and experience, ranging without effort from the so-called heights or depths of scholarship to the more difficult and dangerous art of saying the right thing to a child, there is one monument of his engaging and unusual mind. He had more than a little of Dr. Franklin in him, the shrewd, kindly, philosophic, life-studying and life-enjoying, tolerant pagan Franklin, and he had enough of that 'unequaled instinct for the jugular vein' which Rufus Choate attributed to John Quincy Adams."

As Chief Magistrate of our greatest city, "in a long line of commonplace and slate-colored Mayors of New York," to use the New York World phrase, William J. Gaynor "towers a giant among pygmies. In almost every respect, says The Globe, 'The Government of New York has been improved during the period that Mayor Gaynor has been at the City Hall.' A Socialist daily, the New York Call, has 'no doubt that Gaynor was the most effective and intelligent chief executive this city has had in years.' More specific approval comes from The Evening Post, which opposed his re-election:

"No politician, or group of politicians, dictated his policy; and he was afraid neither of labor organizations nor of newspapers. His masterful dealing with the garbage-men's strike was a signal proof of the former; and, though his sweeping denunciation of newspapers in general often overshot the mark, the predominant feature in them was a scathing contempt for fellow journalism. . . . He set his face firmly against the Tammany idea of city government, stood staunchly by the merit system in subordinate offices, and from the first stamped upon the city's affairs as a whole the mark of a business administration."

At this time his critics lightly pass over whatever errors of temper and judgment they may have noted, and which in their opinion clouded "the substantial work for progress and good government which he accomplished."

The last scene is considered worthy of his eventful history. Of his early life little is known. As the press sketches tell us, he was born in Whitestown, New York, in 1851, and was admitted to the bar in Brooklyn

in 1875. His successful and dramatic fights upon political corruption in the persons of McKane and McLaughlin brought him his first fame and elevation to the State Supreme Court bench in 1893. His success as a judge and increasing popularity brought offers of nominations for higher judicial office, for Mayor, for Governor. All were refused. In 1909 he accepted independent and Tammany nominations for the Mayorship of New York. He was elected. In office he remained, as most newspapers admit, independent of Tammany, but without antagonizing it. The attempt to assassinate him in 1910, which left him permanently weakened in body, brought messages of sympathy and expressions of approval of his work from all parties in city and nation. The police disclosures brought about by District Attorney Whitman "shook the grip of Gaynor upon the popular regard," says The Evening Post. Yet his prestige revived, it adds. But the Fusionists would not consider him as their candidate, and the powers that reign in Tammany councils also rejected him. Then came bitter attacks upon Murphy from the City Hall, a popular non-partisan nomination—"under the shovel," the emblem of subway digging—and a departure for England to gain strength for the campaign. The last scene of all is the sudden death on the Baltic. And in the closing days of his public career, as in the first, it is Gaynor, the foe of the boss. In his last message to the people of New York, he was confident that they would not throw the government of the city "into the control of a vulgar gang of grafters all of one stripe." And a friend is told in confidence in the quiet of the stateroom that—"I will tell the whole damnable story. I propose to strip the Tammany gang bare. . . . I will show the people just what Murphy and Tammany means."—Literary Digest.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Telephone Invades Jerusalem. The telephone has invaded Jerusalem, a system having been installed that connects official points, business houses and some residences.

Badge of Distinction. Elegance of appearance, ornaments, and dress—these are women's badges of distinction; in these they delight and glory.—Titus Livius.

For dyspepsia, our national ailment, use Burdock Blood Bitters. Recommended for strengthening digestion, purifying the blood. At all drug stores. \$1.00 a bottle. Adv.

Bedford Gazette

ESTABLISHED IN 1805

The Gazette is the leading newspaper of Bedford County and its circulation is far ahead of any of its contemporaries. As an advertising medium it is one of the best in this part of the state.

Regular subscription price per year \$1.50, payable in advance. Card of Thanks, 50c; Resolutions, \$1.00.

All communications should be addressed to
Gazette Publishing Co.,
Bedford, Pa.

THURSDAY MORNING, SEP. 25, '13

FREING THE JUDICIARY

The last Legislature took a great step forward when it passed the Non-Partisan Act as it relates to the election of Judges. This takes the bench entirely out of politics. When we vote for an Associate Judge this fall it means that "The Party" is not in the issue. Whether a judicial candidate on other matters is a Democrat, a Republican or a Prohibitionist counts for nothing in the election of an Associate Judge and Judges of the Superior Court. We now vote for the man and what he stands for, not for the party.

VOLUME 108

Another milestone in The Gazette's life is past. With this issue we begin the 108th year of this paper's existence. The name and policy of the paper has never changed, and it is the hope of the management, now indefinitely in charge, to maintain the high standard attained by its editors of the past, to produce a paper worthy the historic name and one that will be acceptable to its many readers.

During this long period of time the lives of twelve men have been intimately associated with the paper. Five of these the writer was an employee under, namely, Nicholas L. McGirr, Hon. Robert C. McNamara, Hon. Edward F. Kerr, J. F. Harle, and Samuel A. Van Ormer, the latter meeting death in an automobile accident two weeks ago.

One former editor is still living, Hon. B. F. Myers, who for many years has been associated with the Harrisburg Star-Independent.

To our patrons and friends we extend greetings, with the hope that The Gazette may long live to fight the battles of the people against their foes.

BITING THE GRANITE

Woodrow Wilson may deceive the country into believing that he is a great President of the United States, but he cannot fool Theodore Roosevelt.

Mr. Roosevelt has weighed both the President and the Democratic party in the balance, and they are scandalously wanting. He has made "a patient and sincere effort to find out what Mr. Wilson means by the New Freedom," and he is in doubt "whether it has any meaning at all."

As for the Democratic party, it "can accomplish nothing of good unless it deliberately repudiates its campaign pledges." Inasmuch as the Democratic party is carrying out its campaign pledges, not repudiating them, it therefore follows that everything the Democratic party is doing is bad. The Administration's meagre record thus far "is in connection with the tariff and with a discreditable impotence in foreign affairs." As for the tariff, it is "merely a red herring dragged across the trail to divert our people from the real issues." That would be bad enough, but the worst is still to come, for it appears that "the present Tariff bill has been handled by precisely the same improper methods by which the Payne-Aldrich law was enacted."

This will be news to the protected interests, to Wool and Steel and Sugar and Cotton and the National Association of Manufacturers. Later we shall doubtless learn from Mr. Roosevelt's scrupulously truthful pen that the Administration's Currency bill was drawn to please Wall Street and the National City Bank. Live and learn, live and learn.

Mr. Roosevelt's attack upon President Wilson in his Century article comes at a time when the President has admittedly won the confidence of the intelligent elements of all parties.

Tariff revision downward will soon be an accomplished fact. The currency tangle, with which neither Mr. Roosevelt nor Mr. Taft made any headway, is about to be straightened out. In the Mexican matter the policy which Mr. Roosevelt describes as "discreditable impotence" has been acclaimed by practically a unanimous public sentiment, the dissenting votes being cast by Theodore Roosevelt, William R. Hearst and a New Mexico Senator who is avowedly interested "in mining in Mexico."

When Mr. Roosevelt decided to become a candidate for President in 1912 he had little difficulty in destroying Mr. Taft politically, because the Taft Administration was already discredited by its own record. But in promoting his 1916 ambitions Mr. Roosevelt is dealing with a different man and a different situation. In assailing Woodrow Wilson he is "biting the granite," as Bismarck once said, and while this occupation may amuse a perpetual candidate, it will have no serious effect upon the granite.—New York World.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, O., by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by druggists. Price 75c per bottle. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation. Adv.

OTHER'S VIEWS

The Administration currency bill passed the House 286 to 84, showing how that body keeps up the good Democratic tradition of the last electoral college.—Detroit Journal.

A New England suffragette has tamed angleworms so that they come up out of the ground and eat sauerkraut from her hand. Such a woman should have no trouble whatever with mere man.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

We never had a more industrious Congress than Mr. Wilson is.—Kansas City Journal.

Another way to improve the roads is to take them out of politics.—Chicago Tribune.

You can hardly blame the engineers of the New Haven Road for running by the danger signals on the track, when the directors ignored all the danger signals in the financial management of the road.—Washington Herald.

They always catch a murderer very promptly in New York if he doesn't happen to belong to one of the select gangs.—Boston Transcript

As Mrs. Pankurst will not sail for America before October 11, this Government will have time to fortify the coast and mobilize the navy.—Chicago News.

Concrete an Old Story.
Rome was not built in a day, nor built as fast as Tammanytown, nor built in structural steel, but it turns out that most of Rome's mighty structures, temples, circuses, baths, aqueducts, were built in concrete, not reinforced with iron and steel, as we build now, but a good quality of sand, stone and cement nevertheless. On this powerful central core of cement was fitted an ornamental facing of finest marble.

Good May Come From Change.
When we go away from home we leave behind old enemies as well as old friends. When we are free from the sinister expectations of school-mates we may amend old errors on a new stage with success. Then, too, a new home brings into play areas of the mind otherwise unfruitful because untitled.

Salt to Preserve Cut Flowers.
A good way to keep cut flowers fresh is to place a small amount of pure salt of sodium in the water. It is best to procure this salt at a drug store, because commercial salt will cause the flowers to wither, due to impurities in the soda. Call for pure sodium chloride.—Popular Mechanics.

No Problem.
"The signboard is not a very aristocratic institution." "No, it is not." And yet a number of famous people are stuck on it."

Grump Defined.
Somebody wants to know what a grump is. A grump is a male who does not read the sporting news.

"IS MAKING GOOD"

Congressman Bailey Fulfilling Promises Made to Constituents.

That our Congressman, Hon. Warren Worth Bailey, of Johnstown, is fulfilling his promises to the people of his district, is evident from the fact that he has been "on his job" since the convening of the special session of Congress last April. Below we give a short speech made by Mr. Bailey and copied from the Congressional Record under date of September 2, on what is known as the Hetch Hetchy bill. Mr. Bailey said:

"Mr. Chairman, It seems to me that the opposition to this measure is disingenuous. It is objected to on grounds that appear to be untenable. In this long debate I have not heard one argument advanced which appealed to me as conclusive against the claim of the people of San Francisco to a water supply that is almost obviously essential to her future growth and welfare.

"If it were proposed in this bill to destroy the scenic grandeur of the Hetch Hetchy or the wonders of the Yosemite, we might well pause before granting to the people of San Francisco the concession they desire. But it is not a mission of destruction which they plan; it is rather one of adding to the natural charms of this wonderland; and it would take long to persuade me that the lake which it is proposed to create would detract anything from the glory and the splendor of the scene which would surround it.

"It has been urged that San Francisco has other sources of water supply and better sources. But if that be the case, why is she clamoring for this one? Must we think that San Francisco is in need of a guardian? Must we believe her incapable of understanding her own problems? Or must we accept the implication that she is actuated by pure sordidness and an utter contempt for the rights of the American people? The city at the Golden Gate has been wrestling with her water problem for a generation, and we ought to be willing to believe that by this time she knows her own needs and the way in which they may best be met.

"No one can outdo me in devotion to the principle of conservation. But if the sacrifice even of Niagara Falls to human good were necessary, I should not hesitate. The highest conservation is that of human life. Man is more than any marvel of mountain or lake or forest or rocky gorge. His fortunes and destiny demand the first consideration. His health and development and progress are paramount to every other factor which by any possibility may be involved. And here in this matter we have the lives and fortunes and future prospects of a great community to set over against the preservation in detail of a playground of the gods. Shall we save the people or shall we keep inviolate a spot that few can ever hope to see? Must we think first of sticks and stones and last of the planners and the upbuilders and the molders of history?

"If it were proposed to turn this grant over to a private monopoly, I should fight it with all my might. But the grant is to the people of San Francisco and the towns and cities round about. It is a grant not for exploitation, not for the enriching of a favored few, not to be employed in extortion and oppression; it is a grant rather which will emancipate a great and growing community from galling bondage to a merciless taskmaster, whose finger may be seen in the opposition to this measure. San Francisco longs for freedom and she deserves to be free. But if we deny her this boon she must remain in thralldom. She must continue to suffer as she pays tribute to a remorseless private monopoly. And she must beat vainly against her bars unless we break them down by opening the mountain streams which sing afar of freedom and of growth and of health and of all which pure water means to man."

St. John's Reformed Church

J. Albert Epler, Pastor
Sunday School 10 a. m.; Divine worship 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Morning subject: "Murmuring." Evening: "Humanness Plus Prayer." The public is cordially invited to these services. The inclement weather interfered very materially with the attendance at our Harvest Home services last Sunday. The pastor hopes that those who were unable to attend the service last Sunday will not deny themselves the privilege of giving their Thank offering, for the apportionment and that they will bring their envelope to the service this coming Sunday.

Look at the Bright Side.

How it would change the world for most of us, if we would stop looking for flaws and begin to look for things to speak well of.

All Nations Are Mockers.

Every nation mocks at other nations, and all are right.—Schopenhauer.

MEN'S BIBLE CLASS RALLY

Mammoth Parade, O. A. B. C. Day, October 9.

Williamsport is making elaborate preparation to entertain the state convention for Sunday School workers. Thursday, October 9, will be known as O. A. B. C. Day. These initials stand for Organized Adult Bible Class. The representatives of these classes will participate in a great parade to be held in connection with the convention.

The Adult Bible Class movement in Pennsylvania has had a marvelous growth. The movement is interdenominational and confined strictly to adults of both sexes. The number of these classes in Pennsylvania will reach 7,000 by the time of the state convention.

The Williamsport convention will plan to add 100,000 more adults to the Sunday Schools of the state during the coming year.

The program of the convention will require the constant use of four churches. Each day there will be simultaneous conferences.

Delegate credentials can be secured on application to the county corresponding secretary or by writing to the Pennsylvania State Sabbath School Association, 701-3 Witherspoon Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

Church of God

F. W. McGuire, Pastor
Preaching at Saxton, September 28, at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Preaching at Coalmont at 2:30 p. m. The Endeavor Society of the Church of God at Saxton elected officers Sunday evening. Paul Carrothers is president; Georgeanna Stuby Secretary and Marcetta Blackburn Organist. Society meets every Sunday evening at 6:45 o'clock.

Marriage Licenses

William P. Houser of Cove Ford, Blair County, and Mary E. Murtiff of Alexandria, Huntingdon County.

Charles F. Watters and Ada L. Leonard, of Bedford.

Harrison De Puy Rutherford of Philadelphia and Sara Lee Skillington of Everett.

Samuel Ross Carney and Iva Ruth Shaffer, of Bedford Township.

Charles A. Hermann of Frederick, Md., and Mary Myrtle Heitzel of Cessna.

Sulpur Springs Reformed Charge

Emmet M. Adair, Pastor
September 28—Grace Church, Mann's Choice: Rally Day service 9 a. m.; Harvest Home service 10 a. m.; Missionary Rally 7:30 p. m.; Teacher Training Class 8:30 p. m. Trinity Church, Dry Ridge: Sunday School 1:30 p. m.; Divine service 2:30 p. m.

Wise Insects.

In his experiments to determine whether it is the color or the odor of flowers that attracts bees and other insects M. Plateau, the Belgian zoologist, bethought him of trying a mirror. He selected a flower of striking color and strong odor and placed it before an excellent glass in which the reflection was perfect. All the insects went straight to the real flower, and not a single one approached the reflection in the mirror.

Fast and Slow.

Redd—Did you have a nice automobile trip? Greene—Part of the way. The chauffeur went too fast going out. "I suppose he reduced speed coming back?" "Oh, yes; we were towed back!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Angry Adjectives.

It was not a young woman novelist, but Charles Sumner, of whom the late E. L. Godkin, the New York editor, said:

"He works his adjectives so hard that if they ever catch him alone they will murder him."

How It Happened.

The Chronic Meddler—You are extremely bald for one of your age. The Bare Pated Party—Yes; got this way by butting into other people's affairs.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Sleep and Longevity.

Sleep is as necessary as air or food. Those who shirk the sleep of life are only hastening unconsciously to the sleep of death.—Brussels Independence Reige

Contentment gives a crown where fortune has denied it.—Ford.

Love.

I am inclined to believe that for a woman love is the supreme authority—that which judges the rest and decides what is good or evil. For a man, love is subordinate to right. It is a great passion, but it is not the source of order, the synonym of reason, the criterion of excellence. It would seem, then, that a woman placed her ideal in the perfection of love and a man in the perfection of justice.—Henri Frederic Amiel.

One Kind of Dyspepsia.

You will notice that the man who would rather fight than eat always has dyspepsia when he gets into a jam.

God's Own Church.

Learn this summer to worship God in the big church with the blue dome and the green carpet.

Waterside

September 23—Mrs. John Grove of Altoona is visiting friends at Waterside.

J. W. Reininger spent the past week carpentering in Altoona.

Mrs. Fanny Helshner and son, of Altoona, spent several days recently with the former's cousin, Mrs. S. H. Gates.

Miss Hattie Noble of Pittsburgh is spending some time with her aunt, Mrs. J. M. Woodcock, who is ill.

Mrs. Laura Teeter, a nurse in the Altoona Hospital, is spending her vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Teeter.

Mrs. J. Z. Guyer is visiting friends in Altoona.

Dr. and Mrs. Delaney, of Altoona, were callers at A. B. Teeter's on Sunday.

C. D. Shank, who had spent the summer in Ohio, is home on a visit. Howard Swartz, who is employed in Altoona, was an over Sunday visitor with home folks.

Rev. H. E. Herr of Martinsburg was a caller at the home of H. S. Stonerook on Sunday.

Springhope

September 23—Mr. and Mrs. William Lambert spent over Saturday and Sunday visiting friends in Somerset County.

George Keller of Windber visited home folks over Sunday.

George Albright and son, of Hyndman, are spending some time visiting the former's step son, William Zeigler, and family.

A goodly number of the neighbors and friends of Irvin Miller gathered together on Tuesday to help cut the timber for a new barn to be erected on the site of the one which was destroyed by fire on Saturday night, September 13. Mr. Miller will push the work as rapidly as possible in order to get his barn ready for winter use.

Miss Laura Perdew, who has been seriously ill the past week, is able to be around again.

Mrs. George Ferguson of this place visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Clark, at Mann's Choice from Saturday until Monday. Pilgrim.

True Values B & B True Values

women's knit underwear

Women's \$1.00 medium weight Cotton Union Suits—low neck, short sleeves or sleeveless, ankle length, 75c.

Women's \$3.25 Italian Silk Bloomers, Pink, White or Black, \$2.75.

Women's \$2.25 Venetian Silk Vests—low neck, no sleeves, embroidered Pink or White, \$1.75.

Children's 25c and 50c White Cotton Vests—high neck, long sleeves, ankle length pantalettes, also, 25c.

negligees and petticoats

\$2.50 Morning Dresses—fine chambray—Copenhagen Blue with fine white hair line—square neck, 3/4 sleeves, piped with White P. K. also flat collar morning dresses, long sleeves, turn back cuffs, piped with chambray, \$1.50.

Messaline Petticoats—splendid quality silk, plain and changeable colors, \$1.75.

Clinging Silk Jersey Petticoats—Messaline flounce—all colors, \$2.50.

Fancy Crepe Negligees—light or dark ground—floral designs—trimmed with plain satin band and ribbon, \$1.00.

BOGGS & BUHL

PITTSBURGH, PA.

Fishertown

September 23—Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose Miller, of Roaring Spring, spent Saturday and Sunday at the home of the former's mother, Mrs. Nathan Miller.

The three children of Dr. and Mrs. A. E. Blackburn, of Philadelphia, after spending the summer at the home of their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Uriah Blackburn, returned to their home on Saturday.

Samuel B. Way made a business trip to Windber recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Grant Miller, of Pittsburgh, spent the past week with friends here.

Miss Carrie McCreary of Hyndman spent Saturday and Sunday with home folks.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Wright and Miss Jennie Conley, of Pleasantville, were Sunday visitors at the home of Miss Venie Conley.

Misses Mary Way and Verdie Cleaver were Bedford visitors this week.

Mrs. T. E. Berkheimer is spending a few days this week with friends at Williamsburg, Blair County.

Mrs. S. A. Hammaker and Mrs. Meacham Hammaker spent Tuesday with friends in Bedford.

Mrs. Carrie V. Dallard will hold her fall millinery opening at Mann's Choice on Friday and Saturday, September 26 and 27. (adv.)

NEW DETECTIVE TALES

North American Will Put Out the "Fu Manchu" Stories Beginning Oct. 5

A new writer of detective stories, who within the last year has startled English and American readers by producing an entirely new line of stories of crime mysteries, is about to be exploited by the Sunday North American.

Sax Rohmer is the name of the new writer, and the stories of the series relate the battle of wits between Nayland Smith, one of Scotland Yard's brightest mystery solvers, and Dr. Fu Manchu, a mysterious Oriental, whose resourcefulness and courage in the committing of crime are enough to test the ability of the world's greatest sleuths.

The Fu Manchu stories represent the biggest thing in detective fiction since the Sherlock Holmes productions. They are absolutely new and altogether different from any other detective stories ever written. They will prove diverting to any reader of modern fiction, because they represent the very best of the novelties.

The first of the series of ten stories will be printed in the Sunday North American for October 5.

New Paris

September 23—Forest McMillen of Pittsburgh was a home visitor over Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. S. J. Wilson, formerly of this place, was the guest of Mrs. Rebecca Grazer last week.

Mrs. D. F. Piper and Mrs. D. E. Bottomfield of Everett were pleasant visitors at the home of G. M. McMillen.

Mrs. Susan Rowzer is visiting relatives at Connellsville. She intends visiting Niagara Falls before returning home.

Miss Edith Brightbill of Philadelphia and Miss Hazel Smith of Bedford were guests of W. S. Holderbaum and family this week.

Communion services were held in the M. E. Church on Sunday morning by the pastor in charge, Rev. M. C. Flegal.

Walter, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Irvin A. Crawford, died on September 16, aged four days. Its little form now rests in the Reformed Cemetery at New Paris.

On Sunday Mr. and Mrs. Fred J. Rock entertained the following guests: Rev. L. G. Heck of Lock Haven, Rev. M. C. Flegal, wife and daughter, of Schellsburg, and George W. Hoover, wife and daughter Lulu. This was Mr. Hoover's first place to visit after his accident. George B. Sieek of Windber is now visiting Mr. and Mrs. Rock. Caj.

Paint Now

If your property needs it; don't wait.

There are two parts of a job: the paint and the work; the work is more than the paint; and it never comes down.

The cost of paint is about two-fifths; the work three-fifths. Paint won't come down in a hurry; too many jobs put-off.

Men are waiting for \$2 or \$3; they don't know it; they think they are waiting for \$20 or \$25.

Why don't men use their heads? DEVOE

Metzger Hardware and House Furnishing Company sell it. Adv.

Married

Judge Blank, a Justice of the Peace in Oklahoma, was called upon to perform the marriage ceremony for a young couple of Guthrie.

The Judge, who until a short time before had gained his legal knowledge in a neighboring state, where ministers officially officiate on such occasions, was at a loss to know how to proceed. However, he rose to the occasion. Commanding the couple to stand up, he directed that they be sworn in the following terms:

"Do you solemnly swear that you will obey the Constitution of the United States and the Constitution of the Territory of Oklahoma, and perform the duties of your office to the best of your ability, so help you God?"

The couple nodded assent. Then continued the Judge, "by the power in me vested by the strong arm of the law, I pronounce you man and wife, now, henceforth and forever, and you will stand committed until the fines and costs are paid, and may the Lord have mercy on your souls!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Postmaster Examination

The United States Civil Service Commission announces that on Saturday, October 25, an examination will be held at St. Clairsville in order to fill a contemplated vacancy in the position of fourth-class postmaster there. The compensation of the postmaster at this office was \$186 for the last fiscal year.

Application forms and full information concerning the requirements of the examination can be secured at the St. Clairsville postoffice or from the U. S. Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C.

Unexcelled.

The best beauty dope on earth good health.

FALL MILLINERY

The new shapes and styles in Millinery for Fall will delight you. Our trimmers are turning out many pretty designs and everything is up-to-date.

MRS. ELLA GILCHRIST
BEDFORD, PENNA.

FREE "THE BARNUM" SAFETY RAZOR

You pay 25c for a stick of Shaving Soap and I give you a Barnum Razor.

JOHN R. DULL, Druggist

A. SAMMEL

IS AT THE

Bedford County Fair

With the biggest and best line of High Grade Pianos and Player Pianos ever exhibited before. You cannot afford to miss this exhibit if you are interested in the purchase of an instrument for your home, as all Pianos are specially selected for the Fair, and will be sold at a great reduction during the week. Also Sewing Machines and Phonographs at bargain prices.

Don't Miss This Opportunity.



Kryptok Lenses do not mar good looks.

Don't Advertise Your Age

Keep looking young. Don't wear glasses with bad joints, seams or streaks. Let us furnish you with

KRYPTOK LENSES

They are one solid piece of beautifully clear crystal glass. They carry grace and elegance with them—improve your looks—give you far and near sight in one lens. Come in today and let us show you.

J. FLOYD MURDOCK

Ridenour Block
Graduate Optician Jeweler

Pleasantville
September 23—Mr. and Mrs. Adam Yarnal and two daughters, Alene and Irene, visited friends and relatives near Wolfsburg over Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Ruth Allison of Johnstown is visiting her lady friend, Miss Ada Brown, at this place this week.

Mrs. Samuel Cox of Johnstown is visiting friends and relatives at this place this week.

Preaching will be conducted in the M. E. Church on Sunday evening by Rev. Garber.

A Futile Attempt

To Keep a Boy and a Girl From Wedlock

By PETER SCHONSKY

Count Ivan Ivanovich, a Russian nobleman, had the misfortune to marry a wife who for years led him a dance, then ran away with an officer in the army, leaving him alone with a son, Boris, a year old.

Naturally the count was imbittered against women. The very sight of one of the opposite sex threw him into a state bordering on insanity. He at last became so affected on encountering a woman that his physician recommended that he go where he would not meet them.

So Count Ivan sold out his estate near St. Petersburg and went into Siberia, where he bought a large tract of land, in the center of which he built himself a house. He encircled his land with a high wall, in which there was but one opening, at which he stationed a guard with instructions not to permit any woman or female child to enter the inclosure. His servants were all men, and if any article was needed that a man could not make it was obtained from without.

Besides keeping away from women himself, the count decided to keep his son away from them. When Boris began to talk his father gave orders that he should not be told that there were such persons as women in the world. The boy was to grow up thinking that the only human beings were men. Perhaps there was a trace of insanity in this, but he was that as it may, so great was the care taken to keep all sexual knowledge away from Boris that he was fifteen years old before such knowledge came to him.

The revelation reached him in this way: A lady of Moscow, Catherine Barchikoff, had the same experience with her husband that Count Ivanovich had with his wife, Barchikoff having deserted her for her maid. The sight of a man did not have the same effect upon her that the sight of a woman invariably had on Count Ivanovich, but she determined to bring up her baby daughter, Nathalie, in ignorance of the male sex, keeping her so if possible till she should have passed the age at which young girls usually marry.

Now, Mme. Barchikoff knew as well as did Count Ivanovich that it would be impossible to bring up a girl never to see a man unless in a wilderness. So she began to make inquiries as to where she should find an uninhabited region in which to live. Very naturally, she arrived at the same conclusion as Count Ivanovich. Siberia was but thinly settled, and it was the nearest region to St. Petersburg fitted for the purpose, was not far from a railroad terminal and therefore available for receiving supplies. Thus it happened that Count Ivanovich took a son and Mme. Barchikoff a daughter to the same neighborhood in Siberia, the one to keep his boy away from women, the other to keep her girl away from men.

Siberia is a very large country, but not large enough to keep apart a man and a woman, provided there be but one man and one woman within its limits, even though they be at points farthest apart. Boris Ivanovich and Nathalie Barchikoff were the only youth and maiden in the region in which they dwelt, and they were not very far apart. Ergo, if the above reasoning is correct it follows that despite the watchfulness of their respective parents they would sooner or later form a union.

Boris grew up a manly young fellow and before he was thirteen years old began to chafe at being confined within an inclosure. When he asked permission to go outside the walls his father said to him:

"Are you not permitted to roam over a vast territory? Have you not rivers in which to fish? Have you not forests in which to hunt? Be content, my boy. Within our domain you are safe; without it you will be subject to a great danger."

"What danger?"
"Without our walls is an animal something like a man. It is made in the image of a man, but has the eye of a serpent. It charms men as the snake charms birds. If you once meet one of these creatures you are liable to be devoured."

Far from being impressed with such a warning, Boris, who was fond of hunting, thought continuously about this creature fashioned something like a man, yet able to charm men to destroy them. Gradually a desire grew upon him to see one of these creatures. If he felt a spell coming over him he would shoot the vampire. It was not long before he was trying to bribe the guard at the gate to let him out. But the guard was incorruptible. So when Boris was in his sixteenth year he rode away one morning with an ax and his gun and, reaching the wall, cut down a tree that leaned toward it and, when the tree fell against the top of the wall, climbed up and dropped down on the ground outside the inclosure.

The boy, keeping his gun ready to protect him in case of need, hunted for hours for the manlike creature his father had told him about, but found only wild animals. He returned by felling a tree on the outside against the wall and went home, no one having discovered his absence beyond the inclosure.

ing discovered his absence beyond the inclosure.

Boris made many such trips before he found the manlike creature. Coming one day to a high fence, he climbed it and pursued his way through a forest. Presently, coming to a lake whose surface was frozen, he saw what he was convinced was the creature he was desirous to meet skating on the ice.

From what his father had told him he had got an idea that there was something hideous about the animal and that it influenced men not by its beauty, but by magic. What he saw was so beautiful that instead of bringing his gun into position to protect himself it dropped out of his hands forgotten. The creature wore a gown trimmed with fur, the garment fluttering in the wind as she skimmed gracefully hither and thither. A dainty cap, made chiefly of fur, was on her head, and her hands were incased in fur.

Boris forgot entirely his father's caution. His chief desire was to go and see if he could catch the thing. Unfortunately he had no skates with him. He ran to the margin of the lake and called. The vampire turned, stopped and stood gazing at him with eyes as full of wonder as his own.

"Can you talk?" he called to her.

"Yes. Can you?"

"Of course I can, or I couldn't have asked you the question."

"I wonder if you're not a man?"

"Of course I am. Why do you wonder if I am?"

"Because I've heard our servants talk about what they call men, but I've never seen one before."

"And I've never seen anything like you before. What are you?"

"Why, I'm a girl."

"Are you the creature that charms men as snakes charm birds and then eats them?"

"I don't eat men. I never saw one before."

Each had by this time approached the other. The girl put her hand on Boris' sleeve and touched his cheek with her finger.

"Have you got a name?" she asked.

"Yes, Boris."

"My name is Nathalie."

Boris took the cap off her head and saw the coils of hair. He ran his hand over them.

"How smooth and soft," he said.

Suddenly her skates slipped from under her, and she fell into his arms. She smiled at him, showing white teeth between her lips. No one ever told him about a kiss. He had never heard of such a thing. No one ever told a newborn babe that, feeling hungry, it would find sustenance at its mother's breast. Boris kissed the lips before him from the same cause—instinct. He started.

"What is it?" she asked.

"The spell."

"What spell? Isn't it nice?"

"Nice! Too nice. Are you going to charm and eat me?"

The girl laughed and showed the same white teeth between the red lips and a couple of dimples besides. He kissed her again. Then he began to think very hard.

"What are you thinking about?" asked Nathalie.

"Well, I was thinking that if what my father said is true, that you are charming me to destroy me, you can go right on doing it, and I'm going right on doing it, too, till I'm lost."

And he kissed her again.

Mme. Barchikoff, having a mind to join her daughter, who, she was aware, had gone to the lake to skate, at this moment stepped from the edge of a road and stood transfixed at seeing her daughter held in the arms of a youth, whose lips were pressed upon the girl's. The good woman caught at a tree to prevent her falling in a swoon, and as soon as she could gather her faculties she hurried down on to the ice.

"What are you doing here?" she demanded of Boris.

"Going to the devil as fast as possible. But I can't be ruined by you. You may be one of the same kind, but I can resist you without trouble."

"Go away from here."

"I won't."

"Nathalie, come to the house immediately."

"I won't. If this is the awful man I've heard about I don't think he's so awful at all." And she clung to Boris.

"Come to the house, both of you," said the mother, more persuasively, and they obeyed.

An hour later Mme. Barchikoff was driven in a sleigh to the gate of Count Ivanovich and demanded admittance. Being refused, she sent in word to the count that her son was at her house making love to her daughter. The count, having steadied himself with a goblet of vodka, went out to see his visitor and, after a brief conversation between the two, rode back with her to her home. There they found the young couple sitting before an open fire locked in each other's arms.

"You are ruined!" cried the count to his son.

"I love to be ruined," was the reply.

"You have brought down upon yourself," said Mme. Barchikoff to her daughter, "a terrible trouble."

"I'm ready to endure it," replied the girl, "for another of those what-you-may-call-'ems" (referring to the kisses).

"Send for the priest!" cried the lady.

"The priest! Great heavens! Is my son to be manacled?"

"Yes, and I presume he will leave his wife for a menial."

"Well," moaned the father, "I suppose I must yield. Oh, my son, you have brought great misery on yourself. You will regret this all your life."

The priest came and went through a ceremony the young people did not understand, and that was the end of the endeavor of Count Ivanovich and Mme. Barchikoff trying to keep a boy and a girl apart.

BY THE GREEN MONSTER

By DONALD CHAMBERLIN

Janeway's business called him often away from home. One afternoon he returned from one of these trips glad to get back and, opening the door with his latchkey, went upstairs. In the upper hall he found himself face to face with a man he had never seen. He was well dressed, and Janeway, instead of taking him for a burglar and supposing there might be some mistake about his being there, awaited an explanation.

"I admit," said the man, "that this looks bad for your wife, but any man who will leave his wife at home for weeks, sometimes months at a time, deserves it."

"What do you mean, sir? Why are you in my house?"

"Come! Maintain your equanimity. Consider that by making a scandal you will injure not only yourself, but will ruin your wife's reputation."

Janeway was too paralyzed to speak. He simply glared at the man, who continued:

"Take your revenge on me, not on her. I will meet you at any time or place you wish and enable you to inflict vengeance upon me to your heart's content. I will give you an opportunity to do by me as, I confess, I would do by you under reversed similar circumstances. But the real cause of our quarrel need not be known. We can invent some pretext."

"Where is my wife?" thundered Janeway.

"For heaven's sake keep away from her, at least for awhile. In your present state of mind you are liable to commit murder."

Janeway hesitated. A fiery furnace was within him. He knew the man spoke the truth. It was all he could do to avoid clinching with him.

If he had had a weapon he would have killed him. But one idea took possession of him—to get away, somewhere, anywhere, that he might free himself from a temptation that would put him behind bars and might bring him to the scaffold. He turned, descended several steps, stopped short and said:

"Your name! And where can you be found?"

"Edmond Trowbridge, Calumet club."

Janeway stopped for no more. Descending the stairs that a few moments before he had mounted with such pleasurable expectation, he rushed through the hall to the front door and went out. What he did during the next hour he has never been able to distinctly recall. The time was occupied walking the streets, but what streets are a blank to him. His brain was in a turmoil. Should he find a friend and send him to the man who had ruined him with a challenge? Not yet. He was unwilling to give his confidence to any one. Should he go to his wife and hear what she had to say? Doubtless her visitor had told her what had occurred and she was prepared for the worst.

He was lost in wonder how the woman with whom he had lived happily for a dozen years could have so deceived him. Could this person who had done this thing really be his wife? Was he not asleep and suffering from a horrible nightmare? Was there not some mistake? Gradually his feelings so far subsided as to permit him to exercise common sense. What did common sense dictate as the first thing to do? Why, to go to his wife and hear her story.

It was 9 o'clock when he again opened his front door and stepped into the house.

"Is that you, dear?" came his wife's voice from upstairs. "Why are you so late? You telegraphed you would be home to dinner."

Janeway did not deign any reply to these remarks. He was trying to make up his mind to the disagreeable work before him. He staggered into the living room and, throwing himself into an easy chair, covered his face with his hands. Clearing a step in the hall he withdrew them and saw his wife standing in the doorway gazing at him with a frightened look.

"Frank!" she said. "What under heaven is the matter?"

There was a ring at the telephone. She paid no attention to it, but, advancing, knelt beside him and took his hand.

"Answer the phone," he said, in order to gain time.

Going to the instrument she took down the receiver. Then she said to her husband:

"It's the chief of police. He says a man has been brought in with articles on him with our name on them."

Janeway jumped from his chair as though raised by an electric shock. Rushing to the phone he snatched the receiver from his wife and called for a description of the man arrested. When he had heard he took her in his arms and hugged her till she cried out.

"What does it all mean?" she asked.

"I came home at 5 o'clock and found the thief here."

"When I was out? Why did you let him go?"

"He told me a cock and bull story."

"What story?"

"Why he said—he said—that you were dead and he was the undertaker come to measure you for your coffin."

"What assurance! Now I understand what you were suffering when I came into the room."

They clung together in an embrace. Fortunately for him there was no need for a confession.

HECKERMAN LETTER

Mountain City Across the Line Contains Many Bedford Countians. Altoona, Pa., Sept. 23, 1913.

Here is a city fifty-one years old with a population of fifty-eight thousand. I have tried to find out just how many people live in Altoona, whose former home was Bedford and Bedford County and would you believe it when I tell you that the number exceeds by far the number of people now living in Bedford town. Very many of this number came from Bedford town. Can this immigration be stopped? You dare not cry aloud any more and say our young people leave because there is nothing for them to do in their birth place, Bedford, for I see in a number of places in and about the town, cards saying, "girls and men wanted at the peanut factory." Those working there now make good wages, many going home Saturday evening with \$7 and \$9 tucked under their belts. Now I remember very well when girls worked, doing general housework for 75 cents per week. Yes, I remember very well when 37 1/2 cents was considered a big day's pay for cleaning house, washing or doing any other kind of hard work. Living in those days was not so expensive as now. Pray what will become of us when our wives vote, for mother will be in the parade sure, notwithstanding George Mann's efforts along that line.

"Oh, father, dear father, come home with me now,

For mother is out on parade;

The brass bands are raising a terrible row,

They're all out of breath I'm afraid;

There's Beckie, Ella and there's sweet Beato,

And dear cousin Clara and Kate;

They will soon promenade down East Penn Street

In splendid and serious state.

Oh put on some blinders like cab horses wear,

Don't look to the left or the right,

For fear you'll behold all our women folks there,

And shy bolt or kick at the sight.

Oh, pull down the curtain, dear father with care,

For mother walked ten miles to-day;

Until she gets rested and puffed up for fair,

Oh, please keep your face turned away."

I should have been pleased to see this parade led by the rambunctious gal, who has been sent here to disturb our sweet and quiet wives.

Those men of us who have grown old in the matrimonial harness do not desire this sort of change in our homes, and the following would not dovetail into our lives as it does even now:

"What a blessing it is to be loved when we're old,

'Tis better, far better than riches of gold;

Though a cabin of logs be our humble abode,

No shadow of sorrow will darken our road.

It shields us from winds that are bitter and cold,

To have some one to love us when we have grown old.

What a blessing it is to be loved when we are old,

To have some one to cheer our last moments on earth,

With the words of affection, sweet echoes of mirth.

'Tis then we need something more precious than gold,

A love true and tender when we have grown old."

The writer fears that when our wives get to voting the above will have no foothold in our fireplaces beneath the roof which should shelter the man and woman, and they should be of one mind politically. Here are a few things to learn which, if studied, will have a tendency to keep the husband and wife solid and of one political faith:

Learn to laugh. A good laugh is better than medicine. Learn how to tell a story. A well told story (political) is as welcome as a sunbeam. Learn to keep your troubles to yourself. The world is too busy to listen to a list of your troubles. Learn to see the bright side of things. Learn to hide your pains and aches under a pleasant smile (Hard to do). Learn to meet your friends with a smile. The good humored man or woman is always welcome, but the grunter is not wanted anywhere.

Yours truly,

M. P. Heckerman.

Wolfsburg M. E. Charge

J. R. Melroy, Pastor

Sunday, September 23—Mt. Smith: Preaching and communion service 10 a. m. County Home Chapel: Preaching 3 p. m. Burning Bush: Preaching 7:15 p. m.

St. Clairsville Reformed Charge

J. W. Zehring, Pastor

Sunday, September 23—Osterburg: Sunday School 9; preaching 10:15 a. m. Kings: Sunday School 1; preaching 2:15 p. m.

Osterburg

September 23—Mrs. Charles Knipple of Mann's Choice and mother, Mrs. Walter Berkhimer of this place, are spending several days in Harrisburg.

Mrs. J. C. Gibbs of Ohio is spending some time with her mother, Mrs. Della Stambaugh.

Mrs. Ella Ehredt spent last week in Altoona.

John Faint of Fishertown was in Osterburg several days putting in several new county phones.

Miss Salinda Moses is spending two weeks in Schellsburg.

Bruce Imler of Johnstown spent over Sunday with friends here.

A bunch of cattle was taken through here for the Newry markets recently.

C. B. Culp of Schellsburg is putting up some work in the cemetery at this place.

Mr. and Mrs. David Ake spent a day in Altoona not long since.

Bruce Croyle and George Speece were among those who attended the Blair County Fair last week.

H. E. Mason is expecting another carload of peaches this week, making the third car for the season.

J. C. Swift, the Waverly Oil man of Pittsburgh, is spending the week here on business.

A number of our people expect to attend the County Fair this week.

Advertised Letters

Howard Weyant, Mr. and Mrs. John C. Wallace, J. E. N. Sterling (2), David Hartman, Mr. D. Harley, Mr. E. Froby, Miss Pearl Kerr, Miss Louise Rekne, Rev. L. W. Jones, Mrs. Claude Kirk, Mrs. Linda Blackburn, Miss Pearl Kerr (1 card); cards: Dr. U. H. Reidt, B. F. Mauk, George S. Roberts (2), Mrs. John R. Ainsler, Mrs. Euphrasia Price, Mrs. James McCarter, Miss Helen Cusic, Fred Wilson, Irvin S. Maul, A. E. W. Harrison, Harry Yutzey, Mrs. T. McSpiden, Mrs. Mary Maloney, Miss Mary Northcraft, Miss Louise Hall.

W. J. Minnich, P. M. Bedford, Pa., Sept. 25, 1913.

DIED

BENEDICT—On August 25, Rush Benedict died in Shelby, Ia. He was born in Bedford County 66 years ago. His wife, mother, two sisters and two brothers survive.

Snatched From The Burning

An Old Time Romance

By F. A. MITCHEL

Carrie, my niece, has asked me to put the story of my life in writing. She says that it may save many a girl who is disposed to turn aside warnings of those who are older than she from yielding to a love which they can see is not for her good and may be for her ruin.

It is an old fashioned story, for it occurred in an old fashioned time and in an old fashioned country. The state where I was born—Georgia—was then a slave state, and conditions were adapted to that institution. There were three distinct classes—the planters, the poor whites and the negroes. My parents sprang from the poor white class, but my father was a very industrious man for one living in an overbearing climate and accumulated enough means to buy a small plantation and a few negroes. Consequently I grew up between two classes. We were above the poor whites, but were not received by the planters.

It was said that at seventeen I was a beauty. Alas, no one would think it to see me now, a shriveled old woman with thin snow white hair. They did not tell me so, and I was unconscious of my good looks. Social life in those days was very different from what it is now. I suppose human nature is always the same, but it seems to me now that good persons—I refer to the higher classes—were better than now and the bad were worse. This was especially so with our young men. Many of them—most of them, I should say—were imbued with noble sentiments. With them to be a gentleman was to be honorable. But there were bad ones, who were especially unscrupulous in their dealings with women—men who regarded it the part of a gentleman to make a conquest even to the ruin of the object of his attentions. The atmosphere of that period has completely passed away, the good and the bad having been fused between the two. There are now few, if any, young men with the noble impulses of the typical gentleman of that day, nor are there any such evil characters as were portrayed by the novelists of that period.

It fell to my lot to be caught between two men who were representatives of these two classes. They were both gentlemen, the one of a kindly nature, who would consider that a mean or dishonorable act would not only disgrace him, but his family even back to generations long dead; the other without any conscience whatever.

When I was fifteen years old my father one day sent me with a note to Colonel Carroll, one of the wealthiest and most respected planters of our region. On the veranda sat a youth of about twenty at a table with books before him. He was Courtney Carroll, a recent graduate of the University of Virginia. As I ascended the steps he looked up at me and I saw admiration in his eyes. He rose and advanced to meet me, and I handed him the note. He called a negro, told him to take it to his father, and selecting a comfortable chair handed it to me. He refrained from his books while I waited, seeming to consider it incumbent upon him to entertain me while I waited for an answer to the note. Colonel Carroll brought it out to me himself and apologized for not sending one of his negroes with it, courteously thanking me for consenting to be his bearer.

Naturally I, a girl still in short dresses, was much impressed with so much consideration from such high grade persons. How remarkable that one whose father had but recently emerged from the poor white class should be an object of attention from those who owned a thousand slaves.

When I was seventeen years old I met another of the aristocrats of that day, who turned out to be the reverse of a Carroll. I was leaning on the fence of my father's plantation one day when a gay party of hunters came galloping by. They disappeared down the road, and presently a young man, also in the scarlet coat of a huntsman, came along and, reining up before me, asked me if I had seen the others. I told him they had just passed and if he rode on he would soon overtake them. But it was evident from the way his eyes were fixed on me that he was disposed to turn from the game he was pursuing to a different kind. I remember that my eyes dropped before his gaze and I felt a warmth in my cheeks.

This young man was Harry Du Bois, who had by the death of his father just come into possession of a large plantation. He asked me a number of questions, evidently for excuses to talk with me instead of riding on, and presently, on pretense of tightening his saddle girth, he dismounted and stood near me on the other side of the fence, chatting glibly and paying me compliments. This was the first time any one had told me that I was beautiful, and it gave me a thrill I shall never forget. It was the third time I had noticed admiration in a young gentleman's eyes, but young Carroll had not paid me a single compliment.

Since my visit to the Carroll plantation Courtney had dominated my thoughts, but now he was superseded by Harry Du Bois. The former seemed cold beside the latter. Besides, Carroll did not seek me, while Du Bois rode by our little plantation frequently

and, if I was within hearing, would always stop to chat. These meetings were at once noticed by my dear parents, and I remember with pain their troubled looks whenever I had been talking with Du Bois. Then mother spoke to me about the matter, telling me that when a gentleman became devoted to a girl beneath him in station only trouble would come of it. But I turned a deaf ear to what she said, so infatuated was I with the man who was charming me as a snake will charm a bird.

I can only refer without particularizing to the courtship. I have wondered since that at so tender an age I should have resisted one so persuasive. Perhaps this was due to the influence of my mother, who, if she could not induce me to break with my lover, at least convinced me that if he was sincere he would ask me to be his wife. So at last he did, but said that his mother, who was living, would not consent to the alliance. She was very feeble and could last but a short time. So Harry persuaded me to marry him clandestinely.

When I remember that I was to be made the victim of a mock marriage I realize how far I am now removed from that age. Such weddings were then a common method of victimizing innocent girls. Now they are unheard of. The little church where I met Du Bois is still standing, though the persons who worship in it are much changed. The ceremony was to take place at night, for I was pledged to keep it a secret from my parents. I remember that I passed through a severe mental struggle before I could bring myself to deceive them, but I tried to think of how proud they would be when I was acknowledged as the wife of a wealthy and aristocratic planter. Yet in my heart I knew that I did not confide in them, for they would surely prevent the marriage if they knew it was to take place.

It was near midnight when I got out of my window on to the veranda and descended by the limb of a magnolia tree that overhung it. I can see now in the moonlight the manor house, the negroes' white cabins flanking it, the double row of moss covered trees leading to the gate. I had scarcely reached it when Harry clasped me in his arms. My legs seemed about to give way beneath me, and he carried me to a two wheeled cart, placed me in it and drove me to the church. It was dark, the reflected light of the moon only shining from a pane of glass.

Some one opened a side door and I was led in, the moonlight streaming through gothic windows, to the chancel. There stood a clergyman in his vestments. A lamp such as is used to throw a light on a sermon alone was burning low. He turned it up, its light falling on a prayer book. Then he began to read the marriage service. He seemed to be unfamiliar with it and constantly stumbled. But so far as I was able to take cognizance of this I attributed it to haste. He came to the part where an opportunity is given to enter a protest against the marriage, when a voice from behind said:

"Don't make a noise, gentlemen. I got word of your scheme this afternoon. You talked too loud at the St. Leger tavern. On the young lady's account this affair must be kept quiet. Du Bois, you are a villain of the deepest dye. As for you, Markham, you are beneath contempt."

These words sounded in my ears as if they came from a distance. Others were spoken, but I don't remember them. Then the same voice spoke to me, the light fell for a moment on the speaker's features, and I saw Courtney Carroll.

"Will you permit me to get you home? I will try to do so without your return being known."

I knew now that I had been tricked and that I had been saved. I put my trembling hand on Carroll's arm and left the church with him. When I got home I was too weak to ascend to my room as I had come down from it, and Carroll climbed the magnolia, went into my room, stepped downstairs and opened the door for me. I reached my chamber without arousing any one.

The next morning I deferred going downstairs till all had breakfasted. When I entered the dining room, pale and trembling, Susan, the servant, said to me:

"Laws a-massy, Missy Alice, hab yo' hearn de awful news?"

"No. For heaven's sake, what is it?"

"Dis mawnin' about sun up Marse Courtney Carroll and Marse Harry Du Bois fit a duel, and Marse Carroll done got pretty nigh killed."

How I bore this second blow I cannot conceive. It took Susan but a moment to hurl the shaft, but the pain I suffered is with me today, an old woman.

Courtney Carroll lingered for several days, then died. Shortly before his death he sent for me to come to him. I was carried there in a benumbed state of feeling and received by his father. I can see to this day on his face the look of loving sympathy and distress at his approaching loss. He led, or rather supported, me to his son's chamber and left me there, all others having gone out at my arrival.

"Pardon my interference in your affair," he said. "Had I not known you were to be made a victim I would have left you to do as you liked. I have sent for you not only to apologize for my interference, but to confess to you that ever since your coming here two years ago I have been battling with a desire to become a sutor for your hand. Why I was deterred from doing so need not be mentioned. I was about to yield when I learned that Du Bois had stepped in before me. That is all. I preferred that you should know that I had more than an ordinary reason for becoming your champion."

ONE OF ERIN'S FAIRIES.

A Tricky Chap Is Ireland's Little Old Man, the Leprechaun.

The story of the boy who was exhibited throughout Scotland as a genuine Irish leprechaun leads one to ask what exactly a leprechaun is, for, of course, each variety of fairy has its special characteristics.

The leprechaun is peculiar to Ireland and is in the form of a little old man, by profession a maker of brogues. He is only discovered by the sound of the hammering of his brogues, and any one catching him can induce him by threats to reveal where his wealth is hidden.

But no one yet has laid hands on that wealth, for if you take your eye off the leprechaun for as much as a second he has the power of vanishing, however tight you may hold him. And his ingenuity in making you glance away is always successful.

Only once did that ingenuity fail, and even then the treasure escaped unpillaged. A careful peasant, proof against all temptations, kept his eye on the little brogue maker until the money was revealed in a field of ragwort. But he had no bag. So he tied his garter round the particular plant under which the money was hid and went to fetch one, only to find on his return that every ragwort in the field was adorned with a red garter.—London Chronicle.

FATHER OF ALL HOT SPRINGS.

Carlsbad's Famous Sprudel and Its White Robed Priestesses.

The Sprudel is the most ancient of all Carlsbad's fountains, the father of all hot springs, and still pours forth the greatest good of all.

It rises like a geyser in its basin, a steaming, spouting column an inch and a half thick and from six to thirteen feet high. Around it stand priestesses, the spring girls, dressed in lovely white waterproof uniforms. They fix the drinking cups at the ends of poles and catch the water as it comes fresh from the earth's heart.

The geologists call Carlsbad's fountains virgin or volcanic water. They have their sources in no rainfall sinking to fill subterranean reservoirs. Created in those glowing inner laboratories of mother earth, the water here leaps to light and air for the first time.

Pagan memories seem to stir in one at the thought. It becomes easy to believe that the springs bring from recesses where it has lurked hidden since creation some magic, unspoiled, primal energy and that the cheerful, smiling German peasant girls who toil so tirelessly as captive woodland creatures serving forces more ancient than the gods.—Harper's Magazine.

Eating Crow.

"Although the use of the expression 'to eat crow' in a metaphorical sense, meaning to eat one's words, may well have dated from the time of Noah, when the bird was first looked upon as unclean and not fit to serve as food for man, it seems to have arisen from the old tale of the officer and the private."

A soldier, having shot a crow belonging to one of his officers was discovered by the owner with the bird in his hand. Seizing the private's gun, the officer commanded him to eat the bird as a punishment. With the firearm pointed at his head, the soldier fell to, but no sooner had the officer laid aside the gun than the culprit grasped it and compelled his superior to join in the distasteful banquet. The private was court martialed the next day, and when he was asked by the examiners what had occurred he replied, "Nothing, except that Captain Bank and I dined together."

The Sausage.

The sausage dates back to the year 807. It has been asserted that the Greeks in the days of Homer manufactured sausages, but this prehistoric mixture had nothing in common with our modern product. The ancient so-called sausage was composed of the same materials which enter into the makeup of the boudin of the French market and the blood pudding of the French Canadian. The ancient sausage was enveloped in the stomachs of goats. It was not until the tenth century that sausage made of hashed pork became known. It was in or near the year 1500 that thanks to the introduction into Germany of cinnamon and saffron, the sausages of Frankfurt and Strassburg acquired a universal reputation.

He Had Been There.

"Can you direct me to the best hotel in this town?" asked the stranger who, after sadly watching the train depart, had set his satchel upon the station platform.

"I can," replied the man who was waiting for a train going the other way, "but I hate to do it."

"Because you will think after you've seen it that I'm a liar."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Physical Geography.

The following answer was recently given in a geography examination in reply to the question, "From what direction do most of our rains come?"

Most of our rains come straight down, but some of them come sideways.

Told One Truth.

He (during the quarrel) Then, by your own account, I didn't tell you a single truth before we were married.

She—You did one: you said you were unworthy of me.—Boston Transcript.

No true and permanent fame can be founded except in labors which promote the happiness of mankind.—Charles Sumner.

A DEPUTY SHERIFF

By M. QUAD

Copyright, 1913, by Associated Literary Press.

The stranger adult that first caught sight of the Widow Henderson of the town of Grand Ledge laughed outright or was dumb with amazement.

The Widow Henderson was exactly six feet four inches in height and weighed 200 pounds. Whether it was six feet four in her stockings or with her shoes on is none of the reader's business. She was homely as a burdock and as rugged as an oak. She had a voice like a bass drum and the strength of an ox.

You may have noticed that big men always marry little women, and vice versa. Her deceased husband was only five feet tall and his weight was just an even hundred. When she moved to Grand Ledge from a distant town she soon ran across Peter Hippis and marked him down for husband No. 2. Peter was five feet tall and weighed ninety-eight pounds. His face was smooth, and his voice was girlish.

The young man was by no means dull witted, but he was made the victim of much chaffing and joking. The climax came when the sheriff of the county appointed him a deputy. Grand Ledge was a pretty hard town, and there were a score of farmers around who came in at least once a week and made it worse. Peter Hippis was a cipher to them. Whenever he tried to exert his authority he was carried out and dumped into a mudhole or dropped off the bridge over the creek. Sometimes he was chased out of town and didn't dare return for two or three days.

The Widow Henderson heard and saw and knew, and one day when she met the lightweight deputy on the street she said:

"Baby, you sure need a protector. Shall we get married?"

"You bet."

And married they were next day, and on the next the bride walked seven miles to the county seat town and into the sheriff's office to say to that official:

"I want to be deputy sheriff at Grand Ledge."

"I'm looking for some one."

"Well, you needn't look any further. If I can't straighten the kinks out within a month I'll resign."

"Mebbe you know I appointed Pete Hippis as a joke?" queried the officer.

"Yes, I do, and you can appoint me the same way if you want to, but there won't be much joking after I get started. I'll make it a very solemn business for most of 'em."

"Well, I expect there'll be lots of talk about it, but you shall be a deputy."

The town considered that marriage as the greatest joke for twenty years. Every time it was mentioned a dozen men paraded in front of the bride's house and sang and swore and cat called and scared poor Peter until he crept under the bed and wailed:

"I thought you was going to do something!"

"No hurry, baby," was the reply. "I'm giving the calf all the rope it wants. It ain't agin the law to boot around when a couple gets married."

Next forenoon half a dozen horny handed sons of toil came in to sell their butter and eggs and have some fun. The fun was to consist of taking three or four drinks apiece and then chucking the newlyweds off the bridge together. Word was sent them that if they did not appear voluntarily the mob would pay the house a visit.

"Well, baby, the time has come!" grimly announced the bride to the groom.

"Lord, but I'm scared to death!" replied Peter as his teeth began to chatter.

"Baby, lemme tell you something. There's going to be a row, and we shall both be in it. You pin on your badge, get your handcuffs and club, and we are going out to crack heads. If you don't fight like a man nine feet high I'll take you over my knee and spank you before the whole town! Come on now."

Pete was all a-shiver, but he obeyed her. There were fifty men waiting in front of the postoffice, and of the number at least twenty were hilarious and ripe for mischief.

"To the creek! To the creek!" was shouted as the bride and groom halted and faced them.

"Now, baby," said the wife in a quiet voice, "the fun is due to begin! Pick out the hard cases and strike like the kick of a mule! It's a public spanking if you show the white feather!"

With a couple of warwhoops that would have done credit to Comanche chiefs, bride and groom sailed in. The toughs were taken unprepared. The clubs were wielded without mercy, and the rabble broke and fled with hardly a defense. They were followed and given more club, and then to the number of twelve were arrested, locked up for a couple of hours, and then taken before the justice of the peace and fined \$7 each. The next day six men who couldn't see the point were hauled in and on the next three. In a month Grand Ledge looked good to everybody, and Mr. and Mrs. Hippis were on the top rung of the ladder of fame.

"Is the woman to be deputy right along?" was asked of the sheriff.

"You bet your boots," was the reply, "and when my term is out I'm going to get her nominated for my place, and Peter can be her bottle holder. Sakes alive, but how she would have slammed John L. around in his rainy days!"

How the Farmer Can Make More Money

Farm and Fireside, the national farm paper published at Springfield, O., contains in its current issue an article entitled "A Big Work the Farmer Has to Do," by Wilhelmina J. Fulton. Mrs. Fulton understands the retail handling of farm produce. She has been dealing with the middleman and the farmer through her market under Queensboro Bridge in New York City for over a year. Her market was started after an investigation of food prices had been made by a committee of which she was chairman. She believes that consumers' prices may be made lower and producers' prices higher if we get our products started to the market in the right way.

She says that the first and greatest necessity is for the farmer to come to a more complete realization of the fact that he himself is the merchant supplying household needs, and that his commodities must be arranged and adapted to those needs.

HIS RETURN BANQUET.

It Was a Grand Social Success and Cost the Major Nothing.

A veteran officer in the United States army recently told of the shrewdness displayed by a major in the old days. He had been appointed to the command of an army post on an island not a great way from San Francisco.

Soon after his arrival there a French fleet dropped anchor in the harbor. The commander invited the major aboard the flagship and entertained him royally.

The idea struck the worthy major the next day that he was in honor bound to return the compliment, but he was staggered by the expense involved.

To give a banquet befitting his dignity as a United States officer entertaining a distinguished representative of a foreign nation would mean bankruptcy, as the government had not authorized him to draw on its treasury for such a purpose, and the cost of the affair would have to come out of his own pocket. A bright idea struck him.

He invited the naval visitors to be his guests the third day thereafter at an "American picnic." Then he sent invitations to the best people of the neighborhood to join him in a basket picnic at a grove near at hand on the same day. "To meet our French naval friends now on our shores."

The people came with great baskets and hamper of provisions. A royal feast was spread in the grove, and the picnic was long remembered as one of the most notable social successes of its time.—Chicago Record-Herald.

COFFEE AND ITS EFFECTS.

Not Injurious When Used Moderately by Persons in Health.

In the light of the data that have been accumulated in respect to the physiological action of coffee it may safely be affirmed that it is not injurious when used moderately by reasonably healthy people. With the neurosthenic and the dyspeptic it is a somewhat different matter. While alarming symptoms have followed the ingestion of enormous quantities, there is no evidence that fatally toxic effects have ever ensued.

Coffee is a mild stimulant, and the effects are rather transient. The moderate use of coffee will not make a well man sick. Such moderate use will not occasion disagreeable symptoms in the healthy, such as insomnia, headache, nervousness, drowsiness, palpitation, dyspepsia, vertigo, etc. On the other hand, it will obviate or relieve fatigue.

We do not consider coffee a necessary concomitant of civilized life, which some extremists claim it to be. To our minds it is rather a luxury which it is not necessary to dispense with unless one is compelled to do so as a part of the attempt to combat the increasing cost of living. As to the moderate use of any of the things which we ingest the same principles apply. Even such a valuable substance as milk has to be limited within reason as to quantity, lest auto-intoxication ensue.—Medical Times.

Facing a Waterspout.

What it means to encounter a waterspout in the south seas is described by a writer: "First of all, a black trunk, like an elephant's, began to feel blindly about in midair, hanging from a cloud. It came nearer and nearer with uncanny speed, drawing up to itself as it came a colossal cone of turbulent sea until the two joined together in an enormous black pillar some quarter of a mile broad at the base and probably a good thousand feet high, uniting as it did the clouds and the sea below. Across the darkening sea, against the threatening copper crimson sunset, came this gigantic horror, waiting over troughs of torn up water in a veritable dance of death, like something blind, but mad and cruel, trying to find and shatter our fragile little ship."

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

It Took Time.

"Your sister's a long time about making her appearance," suggested the caller. "Well," said the little brother, "she'd be a sight if she came down without making it."

Worth a Strike.

It seems about time for social leaders to rise in their might and demand an eight-hour night.

Lincoln's Catarrh Balm



Ministers and Druggists Recommend Lincoln's Catarrh Balm.

For Coughs, Colds, Catarrh, Hawking, Spitting, Asthma, Hay Fever, Bronchitis, Sore Throat and Deafness Caused by Catarrh.

Rev. J. P. Pender, Blairsville, Pa.; Rev. S. L. Messenger, Trappe, Pa.; Rev. W. G. Brubaker, Phoenixville, Pa.; Rev. J. E. Freeman, Allentown, Pa.; O. B. J. Haines, druggist, Allentown, Pa., and Howard R. Moyer, druggist, Quakertown, Pa., all say over their signatures that they have used LINCOLN'S CATARRH BALM, that it gives quick relief, perfect satisfaction and is as recommended. CATARRH, ASTHMA and HAY FEVER CURED.

William Heater, Allentown, Pa., writes: He suffered twelve years from Asthma and Catarrh, Lincoln's Catarrh Balm cured him.

John MacGregor, Bridgeport, Pa., writes: That after suffering years with Catarrh and Hay Fever, Lincoln's Catarrh Balm cured him.

Order today, 50 cents a jar at ED. D. HECKERMAN, The Druggist, Bedford, Pa., Bedford, Pa.

50 Yrs. Mixing Medicine and still at it PUBLIC SALE OF REAL ESTATE

The undersigned will offer at public sale on the premises on

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1913, at 1:30 p. m., the mansion house and lot of ground in Bedford Borough, Pa., the property of the late Samuel L. Russell, deceased. The lot is 60 by 240 feet, fronting on Juliana Street, and facing the public square, 120 feet, on the north.

The house is 40 by 48 feet with 2-story back building attached. Contains 14 rooms and two bath rooms and closets, all heated by hot air, with hot and cold water. Ample porches. There is a good stable on the rear of the lot.

TERMS:—One-third cash, balance in one and two years, with interest. Possession given in 60 days.

J. C. RUSSELL, Executor. Andrew Dodson, Auctioneer. Sept. 12, 3t.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE

[Assigned Estate of Osterburg Grange, No. 737, P. of H.]

Notice is hereby given that Osterburg Grange, No. 737, P. of H., a corporation duly incorporated under the laws of Pennsylvania, having its principal office at Osterburg, Bedford County, Pa., has made a general assignment in trust for the benefit of its creditors to the undersigned, and all persons indebted to the said Osterburg Grange, No. 737, P. of H., are hereby notified to make prompt payment and those having claims against it to present the same according to law duly protested to:

DAVID F. BITTINGER, Imier, Pa., R. D. JOHN N. MINNICH, Attorney. Sept. 5-6t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE

[In the Estate of Sarah Fetter, late of Bedford Township, Bedford County, Pennsylvania, deceased.]

The undersigned auditor appointed by the Orphans' Court of Bedford County to pass upon disputed claims and make distribution of the balance in the hands of E. M. Pennell, Esq., administrator and trustee to sell the real estate of said decedent post partition proceedings, will sit for the purpose of his appointment at the Court House, in the Borough of Bedford, Pennsylvania, on Thursday, the second day of October, 1913, at one o'clock p. m., of said day, when and where all parties interested may attend if they see fit or otherwise be debarred from participating in this fund. GEORGE POINTS, Auditor. E. M. PENNELL, Attorney. Sept. 12-3t.

ADMINISTRATRIX NOTICE

[Estate of Samuel A. Van Ormer, late of Bedford Borough, Bedford County, Pa., deceased.]

Letters of administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make prompt payment, and those having claims to present the same without delay to

EDNA M. VAN ORMER, Administratrix, FRANK E. COLVIN, Bedford, Pa., Attorney. Sept. 19-6t.

Popular Mechanics Magazine

Apparently the most versatile people in the world today are the mechanics and the scientists. Inventions, contrivances, developments, discoveries and improvements are the fruit of their teeming minds and busy hands, with the result that our comfort and well-being depend upon them to an almost incalculable degree. The Popular Mechanics Magazine, which describes in nontechnical language, and by means of numerous illustrations, everything new pertaining to these fields of human activity, publishes in its October number 323 articles and 350 pictures, which is a fair representation of its average contents for the twelve issues of a year.

Weber Wagon Free

During the Bedford County Fair we are going to give a Weber Wagon away absolutely free, so do not fail to visit our exhibit.

We will have on exhibition the finest line of Farm Machinery ever shown in Bedford County and are going to make special prices on all goods during the one week only.

H. ELLIS KOONTZ,
The Implement Man Bedford, Pa.

WHEN a present or remembrance of any kind is desired, don't hesitate to get it at **Cleaver's Jewelry Store**, for if it is from Cleaver's it is always in good taste, and it is of lasting value. There is no gift that is ever more sincerely appreciated than jewelry, and there is never the slightest danger of getting too much of it.

JAMES E. CLEAVER
Jeweler and Optician Bedford, Penna.

ARE YOU GOING TO BUILD?
If so, send us 25 cents and we will mail to your address a copy of our book
'THE MODERN HOME'
This book contains house-building plans and suggestions for your new house.
GEORGE F. SANSBURY, Architect
CUMBERLAND, MARYLAND
Will meet clients at any time by appointment.

Your soiled **EVENING DRESS, GOWN, WRAP, FUR, SLIPPERS, GLOVES, OR ANY OTHER ARTICLE OF APPAREL** thoroughly cleaned and re-finished like new by our **SUPERIOR METHODS** not only brings **SATISFACTION** to the wearer, but adds hygienic **COMFORT** as well.

FOOTER'S DYE WORKS
AMERICA'S GREATEST AND BEST CLEANERS AND DYERS
W. C. McCLINTIC, Authorized Agent.

Bedford Urban Mutual Fire Ins. Co., Bedford, Pa.

President CAPT. ELI EICHELBERGER
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Insurance in Force, One Million Dollars.
YOUR PATRONAGE SOLICITED.

Make our office your home when in Bedford. Insurance at actual cost. Losses adjusted and promptly paid. Fire of G. C. Grove, Grafton, Pa., January 16; adjusted January 17; paid January 18; amount \$79.59; Mr. Grove entirely satisfied. Let us have your insurance. The management promises you fair treatment.

JOHN P. CUPPETT, Manager.

W. H. SEARS, M. D., Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat

HUNTINGDON, PA.
AT BEDFORD, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1913.
Can be seen at Huntingdon on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

The October American Magazine

One of the most astonishing contributions to the October American Magazine is an article by a Yale teacher entitled "The Village of a Thousand Souls." The author of the article, Arnold L. Gesell, has made a complete investigation of the 220 families that constitute a certain small village in the Middle West. His investigation reaches back through one whole generation—thirty-three years. The results of his investigation indicate an appalling amount of feeble-mindedness, insanity, alcoholism and general delinquency in small villages.

In the same issue Ray Stannard Baker writes a really wonderful article about Colonel George W. Goethals, the builder of the Panama Canal. Another interesting article in the number is a true story of a morphine fiend who reformed. This

article is in a series entitled "Those Who Have Come Back."

Fiction and humorous pieces are contributed by many noted writers. The regular departments, "Interesting People," "The Theatre" and "The Interpreter's House" are included.

The prize winning letters in a contest entitled "How I Saved My First \$100" complete an unusually spirited number.

A household remedy in America for 25 years—Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil. For cuts, sprains, burns, scalds, bruises. 25c and 50c. At all drug stores. Adv.

Bonehead Plays.

The exchange that suggests adding another column to tabulated baseball scores for the purpose of recording bonehead plays is justifiable, but impractical. The papers are using all the space they can afford, already.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson XIII.—Third Quarter, For Sept. 28, 1913.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Quarterly Review, Read Neh. ix, 9-21—Golden Text, Neh. ix, 17—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

LESSON I.—The Child Moses Saved From Death, Ex. i, 22, to ii, 10. Golden Text, Matt. xviii, 5, "Whoso shall receive one such little child in My name receiveth Me." See the great deliverer saved from death and cared for by the daughter of the enemy of God's people. Mark the faith of Jochebed and the part that Miriam took in the events of that day. When individuals or nations attempt to work against God we cannot but think of Ps. ii, 4.

LESSON II.—Moses Prepared For His Work, Ex. ii, 11-25. Golden Text, Matt. v, 5, "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." After forty years' training in the institutions of Egypt and having become learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians and mighty in words and in deeds (Acts vi, 22) he had to spend forty years alone with God, far away from all the wisdom of this world, in an occupation that was an abomination to Egyptians.

LESSON III.—Moses Called to Deliver Israel, Ex. iii, 1-14. Golden Text, Matt. v, 8, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." An unusual event one day broke in upon the monotony of Moses' shepherd life, for God's time had come to deliver Israel and to call Moses to the work. Out of a bush that burned with fire, but was not consumed, God revealed Himself.

LESSON IV.—Moses' Request Refused, Ex. v, 1-14. Golden Text, Matt. v, 4, "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." In reply to Moses' demand that Israel be set free to serve their God, Pharaoh expressed ignorance of and contempt for Jehovah and in defiance of Him increased their burdens and refused to let them go. Moses appealed to the Lord, and He said, "Now shalt thou see what I will do to Pharaoh" (Ex. vi, 1).

LESSON V.—The Plagues of Egypt, Ps. cv, 23-36. Golden Text, Matt. xxiii, 12, "Whosoever shall exalt himself shall be humbled, and whosoever shall humble himself shall be exalted." The mighty hand of Jehovah was shown to Pharaoh and his people by plague after plague until they learned to know something of His great power and were willing to let Israel go.

LESSON VI.—The Passover, Ex. xii, 21-31. Golden Text, Matt. xx, 28, "The Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister and to give His life as ransom for many." While the plagues were being sent upon the Egyptians the Lord put a difference, or redemption, and delivered Israel. But in this last plague the only difference was the blood on the doorposts.

LESSON VII.—Crossing the Red Sea, Ex. xiv, 19-31. Golden Text, Isa. lxi, 24, "Before they call I will answer." From the time that they left Egypt the most manifest thing about them to other people must have been the pillar of cloud by day and fire by night, which He never took from them (Neh. ix, 12, 19).

LESSON VIII.—The Bread From Heaven, Ex. xvi, 2-15. Golden Text, John vi, 35, "Jesus said unto them, I am the Bread of Life." Singing when they saw deliverance and murmuring when they saw trial was their way and too often is ours. He bore patiently with them, sweetened Manna, brought them to Elim, gave them quails and angel's food and water from the rock, and He who did it all is Himself the Bread from heaven and the Living Water and the Rock.

LESSON IX.—Israel at Mount Sinai, Ex. xix, 1-6, 10-21. Golden Text, "Let us have grace, whereby we may offer service well pleasing to God with reverence and awe" (Heb. xii, 28). There is much of interest in Jethro's visit, bringing Moses' wife and sons, his worship of Jehovah and advice to Moses. But the most important thing is Jehovah bringing Israel unto Himself, to be His peculiar treasure above all people.

LESSON X.—The Ten Commandments, Ex. xx, 1-11. Golden Text, Luke x, 27, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind." These commands were not given until they were redeemed. God does not ask an unsaved person to keep his commandments, except to show him his guilt and convince of sin and lead to Christ, who is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth.

LESSON XI.—The Ten Commandments (second part), Ex. xx, 12-21. Golden Text, Luke x, 27, same as last lesson, with the addition of "and thy neighbor as thyself." When we have been redeemed and can rejoice that there is no condemnation because we are in Christ Jesus, then by the Spirit we are expected to fulfill the righteousness of the law (Rom. viii, 1-4). The only way is by the appropriation of "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me" (Gal. ii, 20). "Not I, but the grace of God."

LESSON XII.—The Golden Calf, Ex. xxxii, 1-35. Golden Text, I John v, 21, "My little children, guard yourselves from idols." The sin of the people was very great (verse 30), but greater was the sin of Aaron, who was in Moses' stead for the time and who led the people into gross idolatry, changing their glory into the similitude of an ox that eateth grass (Ps. cvi, 10, 20).



IF YOUR CHILDREN ARE DELICATE OR FRAIL
under-size or under-weight
remember—**Scott's Emulsion** is nature's grandest growing-food; it strengthens their bones, makes healthy blood and promotes sturdy growth.

Scott & Bowne, Bloomfield, N. J. 13-27

TOPICS IN BRIEF

It's about time for Governor Colquitt to live up to the last half of his name.—Charleston News and Courier.

Mr. Taft may be president of the American Bar Association all he pleases.—Newark News.

Mr. McAdoo has announced butter-milk as his favorite drink. The split in the Cabinet, so long waited for, has arrived.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

If you have bought any veal lately you will appreciate the reckless generosity of the old man toward the prodigal son.—Chicago News.

Vigilant government officers have seized a consignment of spurious grape juice that arrived in Washington. The great connoisseur must be protected.—New York Telegraph.

With Thaw and Jerome both placed in jail by the impartial Canadian authorities, the weak hope arises that Sulzer and Murphy will be persuaded to carry their fight across the Dominion border.—Chicago News.

If Mr. Carnegie is so rampant for peace, why doesn't he offer to pension Huerta?—Birmingham Age Herald.

New York, you may have noticed, was not represented at the Conference of Governors.—St. Louis Republic.

One great trouble about the politics of New York City is that most of the reformers commute.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

With the employment of police-women, inspectors will now watch the side doors of the department stores.—Wall Street Journal.

The President of Cuba is suing a man for slander who said he was like Roosevelt. What the Colonel is going to do about it is not announced.—Philadelphia Press.

The billion dollars Americans have invested in Mexico can't get away, and the Mexicans are not at all inclined to furnish it with passports.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

ANOTHER BEDFORD CASE

It Proves That There's a Way Out for Many Suffering Bedford Folks.

Just another report of a case in Bedford. Another typical case. Kidney ailments relieved in Bedford with Doan's Kidney Pills.

Mrs. Mary J. Corie, 218 E. Pitt St., Bedford, Pa., says: "I had backache and other symptoms of kidney trouble and nothing seemed to do me any good. The kidney secretions were unnatural and my health was badly run down. Seeing Doan's Kidney Pills advertised, I got a box and I had not used them long before I found that they lived up to representations. I am now feeling better in every way and my kidneys do not trouble me. You may continue the publication of my former endorsement."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other. Sept. 25-27. Advertisement.

The Wool Industry in America

Few people realize the immensity of the wool industry in the United States and at the same time its relative insignificance when compared with other farm products, says the October Popular Mechanics Magazine in an illustrated article. Although there are nearly 53,000,000 sheep, worth approximately \$235,000,000, in the country, they represent less than five per cent of the total number of domestic animals on American farms, and only about ten per cent of our farms raise any sheep at all. Yet almost 43,000,000 sheep are sheared every year and the resulting 239,000,000 pounds of wool are worth over \$65,000,000. Over 50 per cent of the sheep are on the large ranches of the West, especially in Wyoming and Montana.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Why March is Shortest Month. A Kansas girl observes that March is the shortest month of the year "because the wind blows thru days out of every week."

Aerial Analysis.

If the late Wilbur Wright ever had a romance he managed to keep the secret, and no one seemed to know. However, he was not without views on the subject. Once a reporter asked him why he had never married. It's the easiest thing in the world to drive an aeroplane," he answered, "and it's just as easy to get married." Then he added: "Women and aeroplanes are so much alike that you can't analyze either until you get them going."

FINE BALANCING FEAT.

The Dancing Glass on the Knives on the Bottles.

Take two bottles of the same height. Insert in each a cork, the top of which has been cut into wedge or gable shape. Place the bottles on the table, the cut edges of the corks parallel to each other. Put the blade of a table knife on each cork, their points almost but not quite meeting in the middle and their handles projecting on the opposite sides. Holding the blades with the thumb and forefinger, take a small wine or liquor glass half full of water and balance it upon the points of the two knives.

This will require a little adjusting of the distance between the bottles or of the quantity of water in the glass, but after a few attempts you will find that the weight of the glass just balances that of the knife handles.

By drawing a few drops of water from the glass this will rise a little with the knife blades. If now you take a thread with a metal button or a small piece of lead tied to it and lower this into the water the glass and the knife blades will descend. They rise again as you withdraw the weight. The glass behaves as if drawn by the thread, and you can make it dance up and down like a marionette.—New York World.

A WABBLY COMPLIMENT.

It Came While the Comedian Was Working the Dignity Act.

Francis Wilson, the actor, always a collector of Napoleonic relics, had played at a town in northern New York state, and on the morning following his performance, while on the way to his train, he passed an antique shop and saw in the show window a cameo with the head of the great Corsican upon it. He went in to dicker for it.

The deal was about closed when the shopkeeper, a nearsighted, elderly man, squinted at Wilson and said: "Look here, ain't you an actor?"

Wilson drew himself up. "I am a clergyman," he said in an offended tone.

"I beg your pardon," said the dealer. "You see, I thought you looked something like that singing fellow, Francis Wilson."

"I hope," said Wilson with great dignity, "that you would not liken me to a mere comic opera comedian."

"Well," said the shopkeeper with a superior air, "I seen him at the opera house last night, and to tell you the truth he wasn't so awful rotten."—Saturday Evening Post.

What English Means.

Mrs. Smith—What are you reading, John? Mr. Smith—I am reading Herbert Spencer's "Principles of Biology." Mrs. Smith—Why—what's that, John? Mr. Smith—Herbert Spencer's "Biology." Let me read you an extract—his definition of life. Listen: "It consists of the definite combinations of heterogeneous changes, but simultaneous and successive, in combination with external coexistences and sequences."

"Why, John, what in the world is the man talking about?"

"I am astonished at you, Jane. Why, this is the work of the great English scientist."

"Yes, I know, but what is he writing about?"

"He is defining life, I told you. What did you suppose he was writing about?"

"Good gracious! I thought he was trying to get a patent on a clothes-horse"—London Tit-Bits.

Birds Shot With Water.

Shooting a humming bird with the smallest bird shot made is out of the question, for the tiniest seeds of lead would destroy his coat. The only way in which the bird can be captured for commercial purposes is to shoot him with a drop of water from a blowgun or a fine jet from a small syringe. Skillfully directed, the water stuns him. He falls into a silken net and before he recovers consciousness is suspended over a cyanide jar. This must be done quickly, for if he comes to his senses before the cyanide whiff snuffs out his life he is sure to ruin his plumage in his struggles to escape. Humming birds vary in size from specimens perhaps half as large as a sparrow to those scarcely bigger than a bee.

Rifled Firearms.

In the South Kensington museum are several wheel lock muskets with rifled barrels made during the reign of Charles I. If not earlier. Such barrels were then usually called "screwed." Zachary Grey in a note on "Hudibras," part 1, canto 3, line 533, says that Prince Rupert showed his skill as a marksman by hitting twice in succession the vane on St. Mary's Stafford at sixty yards with a "screwed" pistol.—London—Notes and Queries.

A Very Mad Dog.

A little girl came running to tell about a mad dog she had seen. "We saw a mad dog?" she gasped, but the words seemed too tame to do justice to the situation. "Oh, he was mad, mad!" she added, frowning and pumping her fists. "He was furious!"—Harper's Weekly.

Sad Realities.

The honeymoon is about over when he begins to notice that the sleeves of her kimono are trailing in the butter dish.

And then she discovers that he chews toast as though he had a grudge against it.—Detroit Free Press

There are abysses that love cannot cross, but it can bury itself in them.—Balzac.

Not crude, compressed gas, but refined, distilled gasoline—call for

Waverly Gasolines

Power Without Carbon
FREE—320 page book—all about oil.

WAVERLY OIL WORKS CO.
Pittsburgh, Pa.
LAMP OILS. LUBRICANTS

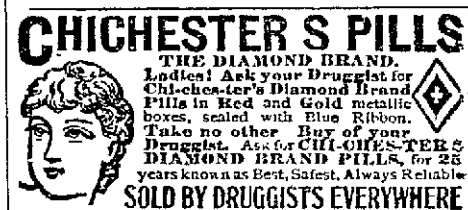
For Sale

One of the most desirable houses in Bedford. Brick dwelling, 10 rooms, modern improvements, good stable rear of dwelling.

Houses always for rent.

TATE & CESSNA

Real Estate Agents
Room 7, Ridenour Block
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Life, Fire, Accident and Health Insurance

Why not get the Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Company's proposition at your age? We have no fear of comparison. "It's the Policy Holder's Company."

THE THRICE-A-WEEK WORLD.

No Other Newspaper in the World Gives so Much at so Low a Price.

The great political campaigns are now at hand, and you want the news accurately and promptly. The World long since established a record for impartiality, and anybody can afford its Thrice-a-Week edition, which comes every other day in the week, except Sunday. The Thrice-a-Week World also abounds in other strong features, serial stories, humor, markets, cartoons; in fact, everything that is to be found in a first-class daily.

THE THRICE-A-WEEK WORLD's regular subscription price is only \$1 per year, and this pays for 156 papers. We offer this unequalled newspaper and The Gazette, together for one year for \$2.20. The regular price of the two papers is \$2.50.

HUNTINGDON AND BROAD TOP MOUNTAIN RAILROAD

In Effect May 25, 1913.

NORTH STATIONS.		SOUTH STATIONS.	
4:30	4:30	Ar. a. m. p. m.	
4:45	9:03	Bedford	9:37 7:37
4:50	9:10	Ar. a. m. p. m.	
4:55	9:17	Bedford	9:44 7:44
5:00	9:24	Bedford	9:51 7:51
5:05	9:31	Bedford	9:58 7:58
5:10	9:38	Bedford	10:05 8:05
5:15	9:45	Bedford	10:12 8:12
5:20	9:52	Bedford	10:19 8:19
5:25	9:59	Bedford	10:26 8:26
5:30	10:06	Bedford	10:33 8:33
5:35	10:13	Bedford	10:40 8:40
5:40	10:20	Bedford	10:47 8:47
5:45	10:27	Bedford	10:54 8:54
5:50	10:34	Bedford	11:01 9:01
5:55	10:41	Bedford	11:08 9:08
6:00	10:48	Bedford	11:15 9:15
6:05	10:55	Bedford	11:22 9:22
6:10	11:02	Bedford	11:29 9:29
6:15	11:09	Bedford	11:36 9:36

Leaves Huntingdon at 2 p. m., arriving at Bedford at 3:57 p. m. Huntingdon Special leaves Bedford at 1:50 p. m. and arrives at Huntingdon at 3:45 p. m. (Week days only).

PENNA. AND N. Y. R. R.

Daily (Sunday included)
Ar. a. m. p. m. Ar. a. m. p. m.
3:00 7:35 L. L. Huntingdon 4:15 7:10
3:30 8:05 L. L. Huntingdon 4:45 7:40
4:25 8:55 L. L. Huntingdon 5:40 8:30
6:10 10:45 L. L. Huntingdon 7:25 9:05

Any skin itching is a temper test. The more you scratch the worse it itches. Doan's Ointment is for piles, eczema—any skin itching. 50c at all drug stores. Adv.

Look Out That the Joke Isn't On You!

Following the recent floods in Ohio many once valuable farms were rendered almost worthless by washing away the top soil and leaving only a gravel bed.

One of the unfortunate owners of a gravel bed came home one day in great glee and full of laughter. His wife astonished, wanted to know the cause.

Well, the joke is on Bill Smith. I sold him the farm cheap and he thinks he got a bargain.

This reminds us of some people who buy Rugs and Furniture cheap, and think they are getting bargains.

WE SELL FOR LESS

**WE SELL FOR CASH
ONE PRICE TO ALL**

PATE'S
BEDFORD, PA.

**BIG
LOAF
FLOUR**

**IS FOR SALE BY THE FOLLOWING
MERCHANTS IN BEDFORD
AND VICINITY.**

England & Diehl, Bedford, Pa.
A. Covatt, Bedford, Pa.
V. A. Stuef, Bedford, Pa.
Jacob E. Pott, Alton, Pa.
Harry Oldham, Alton, Pa.
Thos. D. Croyle, Osterburg, Pa.
A. L. Ickes, Osterburg, Pa.
Jordan Blackburn, Ryot, Pa.
H. S. McCreary, Point, Pa.
W. J. Shoenthal, New Paris, Pa.
A. J. Crissman, New Paris, Pa.
H. L. Hull, Springhope, Pa.
Andrew Dibert, Claysburg, Pa.
Farmers' Eureka Store Co., Weyant, Pa.
Ickes & Claycomb, Weyant, Pa.
William H. Moore, Helixville, Pa.
W. S. Ickes, Reynoldsdale, Pa.
Mrs. T. E. Berkheimer, Fishertown, Pa.

ELIAS BLACKBURN
Wholesale Distributor
FISHERTOWN, PA.

GEO. H. LUM, DuBois, Pa.
Manufacturers' Agent for Pennsylvania

PUBLIC SALE OF REAL ESTATE

The undersigned executrix of Francis Fletcher, late of Monroe Township, Bedford County, Pa., deceased, by virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Bedford County, will offer at public sale at the late home of deceased, in Monroe Township, on

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1913,
at 1:30 o'clock p. m., all of the real estate of said Francis Fletcher, deceased, to wit:

A tract of land in Monroe Township, containing 290 acres, more or less, adjoining lands of Walter Steckman, Clymer Fletcher, Judy and Mary Barkman, Julia Claybaugh, Joseph M. Barkman, Baltzer Fletcher, Charles Fletcher and others, having thereon erected a two-story frame house, double log barn, stone spring house, wagon shed, and other out-buildings; two good orchards; land well watered.

Terms:—Ten per cent. of bid must be paid or secured on day of sale, remainder of one-third at confirmation; one-third in six months and one-third in one year after confirmation, with interest from date of confirmation of sale.

SARAH JANE FLETCHER, Executrix.
FRANK E. COLVIN, Attorney.
Sept. 25-31.

"Rum Canes" the Rage

The new Excise Board appointed by President Wilson for the District of Columbia is trying to settle two problems: "What is a meal for a woman?" and "Is a 'rum stick,' full of liquor, for Sunday use in a dry town, an evasion of the Jones-Works Excise act?"

The Excise law provides that "no licensee" shall sell, give, furnish or distribute any intoxicating liquors to any female; provided that bona fide guests of hotels, restaurants and clubs may be served with liquor at meals."

Since the Excise law went into effect Sunday has been perfectly dry until last week, when something like 100 "jags" were arrested. It was testified by a number of policemen that most of the jags carried walking canes. On investigation it was found that the canes had hollow tubes and from the tubes came the odor of whiskey.

Samples of canes exhibited hold anywhere from a drink to a drunk—a gill to a quart. The "rum cane" has become very popular in Washington, some of the barrooms having added a special spigot for canes.

LINCOLN HIGHWAY (Continued From First Page.)

er the red or blue. This insignia should make a suitable marking for sign-posts along the route in that it will appear as three bands on the post, red above, broad white with lettering in the middle, and blue at the bottom.

The Lincoln Highway Association advances several reasons for the selection of this route. First, for nearly a century it has been the trans-continental line that the tourist has followed; second, it is considered the most direct and practical route so far as grades, curves, and general topography is concerned; third, it is claimed to be improved and marked with sign posts to a greater extent than any other route; and fourth, it is capable of being established as a suitable memorial highway at the least cost.

According to the present plans \$10,000,000 will be required for the completion of this work. In May of this year the auditor's report showed in all 136 subscriptions, making a total of \$2,682,740. This was largely donated by automobile concerns, although some private individuals had participated. Since then the work of selling certificates of different values from \$5 up has been taken in hand with real earnestness, and plans for additional funds are being pushed as rapidly as possible.

On Tuesday Henry B. Joy, who is president of the Lincoln Highway Association and of the Packard Automobile Company, was in Bedford and stopped at the Hoffman Garage, where he stated that the highway would be completed within two years.

Deeds Recorded

John Chalmer Pluck to Charles L. Van Ormer, lot in Schellsburg; \$216.67.

Walter Roy Pluck et al., by guardian, to Charles L. Van Ormer, lot in Schellsburg; \$108.33.

James O. Miller to Joseph Weyles, 2 tracts in Liberty; \$625.

Freeman N. Shue to Charles Cottle, 7 lots in Broad Top; \$1,500.

William S. Snyder, by assignee, to George H. Rose, 9 acres in Colerain; \$3,505.

Joseph W. Lint to Frederick Boehm, 73 acres in Napier; \$1,500.

Albert McDaniel to Walter R. Shearer, 5 acres, 57 perches in Monroe; \$48.

Colonial Iron Company to Charles G. Brown et al., 8 acres in Broad Top; \$54.56.

Annie Whited et al. to Thaddens S. Dasher, lot in Hopewell Township; nominal.

A. J. Himes to Gustavus L. Hanks, 20 acres in East Providence; \$475.

William H. Friend to Mollie Whitfield, 3 tracts in Colerain; nominal.

Jacob A. Benner to J. D. Lundquist lot in Broad Top; \$200.

Mayor Gaynor's Funeral

The new turned earth of Greenwood was tumbled into the grave of William Jay Gaynor as the autumn sun was dipping into the west Monday evening.

More than a quarter of a million of the city's residents witnessed the funeral of the dead Mayor of New York; fully twenty thousand followed him to the grave. A former President of the United States, two men who had preceded him in the Mayor's chair, hundreds of men whose names rank high in politics, in business, in the professions and in the arts, attended the most noteworthy civic funeral New York has given one of her citizens.

A Successful Meeting

A new and unique service was held in Trinity Lutheran Church Sunday evening, September 21. Its nature and character emphasized the intimate relationship which should exist between the Christian Church and the public schools of our country. Mr. Wieand conceived this service and asked three men—experts in their line—to address the meeting.

The general theme for the evening was, "How to Get Most Out of This School Year." Prof. J. M. Garbrick dwelled on the responsibility of the several units comprising the school life, the teacher, pupil, director and parent. Mr. J. Anson Wright beautifully arranged his address around this theme, emphasizing the constituent elements necessary to a true school life. Mr. S. A. Cessna represented the directorate. He frankly commended and criticized the virtues and failures of the school with intention of making the common school the best for child and nation.

Rev. Mr. Wieand closed with a few thoughts; one, an appeal for clean directors, whose life and habits are not a menace and disgrace to our schools. Another, the new movement to get the church to occupy one-half day—preferably Wednesday afternoon—to specific religious instruction in non-controversial principles.

The consensus of opinion was that the meeting, while unique, was a benefit to the town and schools.

Advertise in The Gazette for quick results.

Wanted, For Sale, For Rent, Etc.,

RATES—One cent per word for each insertion. No advertisement accepted for less than 15 cents.

Wanted—Dining-room girls. Good wages. Apply Box 320, Bedford.

For Sale—Lot on West Penn Street, Bedford. Apply to George R. Ling, Bedford, Pa. 28Aug5t

For Sale—Locust Posts and Wire Fence; Gasoline Engines, \$50 and up. W. F. Crowell, Bedford, Pa.

For Sale—Automobile, Duryea Runabout at a bargain; also Indian Motorcycle for sale. P. J. Hughes, Bedford.

For Sale—Three colts, a yearling, a two-year-old and a three-year-old. William S. Howsare, Rt. 3, Bedford. Sept. 12-3t.

Wanted—A lady or gentleman to represent the Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company. Apply 122 N. Centre St., Cumberland, Md. 23Mtf

Wanted—A girl for general housework. Address Mrs. Charles G. Brown, 520 Penn Street, Huntington, Pa. 19 Sept. 2t.

The Best Dry Battery on Earth for gasoline engines, automobiles and gas lighting machines at Heckerman's Drug Store, Bedford, Pa.

For Sale—Timber on about 50 acres in Napier Township; White Oak and Rock Oak. For particulars apply to Benjamin Egolf, Schellsburg, Rt. 1. Aug. 22-tf.

Sweet Cascarias operate gently on the bowels, without pain, and do not leave you constipated. 10c a package of 12 tablets at Heckerman's Drug Store.

We have put in stock and will continue to carry a complete line of photographic supplies, films, plates, etc. Ed. D. Heckerman, the Druggist.

Five Hundred Children not over five years of age wanted at The McCreary Studio, Bedford, Pa. Bring your children and receive one 8x10 size carbon picture, free of charge, for your trouble.

Pressed White Granite Brick, suitable for casing and building purposes. Prompt shipments guaranteed. Low prices. Write for samples. The Cumberland Brick Co., Cumberland, Md. 4 Apr 1-yr.

Men and Women Wanted to sell Evergrip Gliding Casters. The New Joy Glider that everybody buys. A child can put them on. Save carpets and rugs, and won't scratch floors. Pocket samples. Great money maker. Write Bedford Gazette.

Wanted—All your discarded temperance and religious papers for mission work. Thousands of parents on the frontier with large families and limited means and no church or Sunday School privileges applying to our Mission for free literature. Write for one or more names and full particulars. The Paper Mission, Woodward, Oklahoma.

For Sale or Exchange—My residence, corner 8th Ave. and 22d St.; 12-roomed house, with all modern improvements; hot water heat, lot 65 feet front, large barn on the rear. Will sell this property on terms to suit the purchaser or will exchange for smaller city property or for a farm in the country. Call at the premises or address J. W. Plummer, 2203 8th Ave., Altoona, Pa. 8-1-2m

Applications for Hunter's License—Justices of the Peace, Postmasters' and Merchants' order blanks for applying for Hunter's Licenses; 75c per hundred; book of 50 at 50c postpaid. Order sample lot. D. A. Claar, Queen.

A Good Man's Forethought

Much praise has been spoken of Editor Van Ormer in these days when we all see how suddenly Death claimed him. He was a loved and loving man. His wife realizes fully now the practical side of his love—he carried life insurance for her protection. His arm of support has been withdrawn but his love remains. He had \$3,000 with the Provident Life and Trust, and today I handed Edna M. Van Ormer the \$3,010.98 in payment of said insurance. Worth while, isn't it? She thinks so. What do you think, reader? Are you caring for your household?

WILLIAM S. LYSINGER.
Sept. 22, 1913. (Adv.)

SALE REGISTER

All persons having sale bills printed at this office get a free notice in the sale register. This is worth several times the price of the bills.

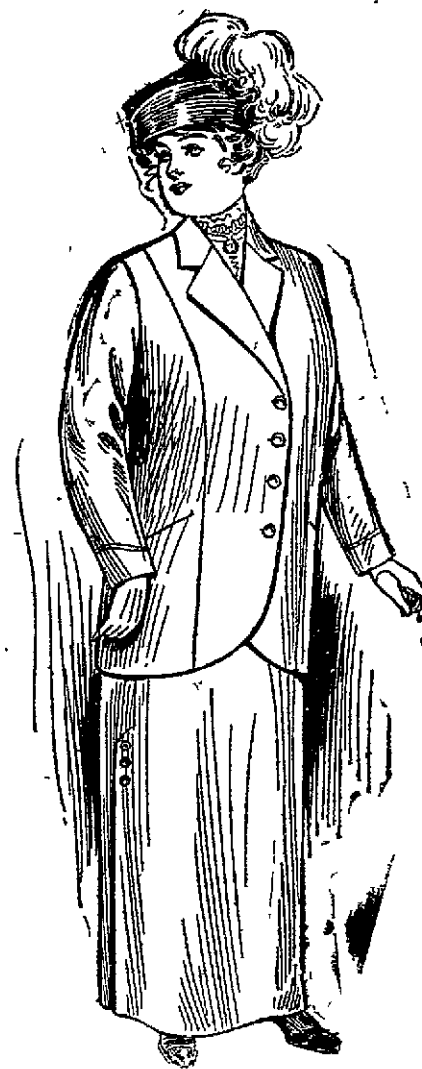
On Thursday, October 2, at one o'clock p. m., Rev. W. F. Conley will sell the following personal property at the Evangelical parsonage, New Paris: Black horse, buggy, harness, sleigh, feed cutter, cupboard, bookcase and writing desk, organ, rocking chairs and many other articles.

At one o'clock p. m., on Saturday, October 11, George E. Sliger will sell the following personal property at his residence at Centreville: Range, kitchen cabinet, sideboard, 2 bedroom suits, parlor suit, 2 tables, sewing machine, piano, washing machine, rugs, carpet, matting, books and many other articles.

Indexing Extraordinary.

Indexers have been responsible for many errors, but possibly the strangest example of curious indexing occurs in a law book. Turning over its index, a correspondent of the London Chronicle noted the entry: "Rest, Mr. Justice, His Great Mind," and reference to the page brought this: "Mr. Justice Best said he had a great mind to commit the witness for contempt of court."

Fall Merchandise For Bargain Seekers



Ladies' Ready-to-Wear

This Department has been made complete in every sense of the word. Another lot of Coat Suits just received. We invite your inspection, and our prices will convince you that for quality, workmanship and styles we lead in this Department.

Cotton and Wool Blankets

The largest stock of Cotton and Wool Blankets this store has ever carried. Cotton Blankets bought in case lots enables us to quote you the following low prices 75c, 80c, 85c, \$1, \$1.25 and \$1.50 per pair

Sweaters

Distinctive Effects in High Grade Sweaters
For Ladies, Gents and Children, made in the leading colors, Tan, Navy, Cardinal Grey and White at reasonable prices.

Rain Coats for Ladies

Special Bargains in Ladies Rain Coats. Call and get prices before buying.

Dress Skirts

New lot just in, made of the new weaves and colorings. The latest styles the market affords, and at prices that cannot be matched \$3.50 to \$7.00

FLOOR OIL CLOTH

Our line of Floor Oil Cloth and Oil Cloth Rugs are the new Fall Patterns just out. The largest assortment of Patterns shown in Bedford at Money Saving Prices.

SHOES THAT WEAR WELL

At all times you will find this department stocked to such an extent that your needs can be successfully supplied. We carry only such makes that assures good wear and these are only attained direct from the manufacturer. Our Men's and Boys' Work Shoes are Special Good Values at \$1.50, \$2.00 and \$2.50

GROCERY SPECIALS

Lump Laundry Starch, 6 lbs.	25c	Worcestershire Sauce, 25c size	21c
Hershey's Cocoa, 1/2-lb.	18c	Old Dutch Cleanser, can	9c
Shredded Wheat Biscuits, 2 packages	23c	Soup Beans, quart	10c
Cream Cornstarch, 2 packages	15c	Seeded Raisins, 3 lbs.	25c
Early June Peas, new pack, can	10c	Rio Loose Coffee, per lb.	19c
Fancy Carolina Rice, 3 lbs.	25c	Campbell's Soup, 3 cans	25c
Pure Maple Syrup		Pure Maple Sugar	

W. E. SLAUGENHOUP
SUCCESSOR TO

Barnett's Store
THE HOUSE THAT SAVES YOU MONEY

Bedford's Biggest and Best Store.

Insurance Agent Ed. Berkheimer has moved to 117 Walnut Avenue, Altoona, but will call on all old patrons when their insurance needs renewing. Write him.

Trinity Lutheran Church

H. E. Wieand, Pastor.
Sunday, September 28, will be a day full of pleasure to those who attend the Lutheran Church. The church will celebrate its third Harvest Home Festival. In the morning special sermon on Religion of Material and Material of Religion. A musicale by church choir in the evening.

Dunning's Creek Reformed Church

E. A. G. Hermann, Pastor
St. Luke's: Preparatory service Saturday 10 a. m.; Holy Communion Sunday 10 a. m.; Sunday School 9 a. m. St. Paul's: Sunday School 1:30 p. m.; worship 2:30 p. m. Ladies' Aid Thursday, October 2. Pleasant Hill: Sunday School 9 a. m.; Missionary meeting 7:30 p. m.; Holy Communion October 5.

J. ROY CESSNA,
He's the Insurance Man
Ridenour Block
BEDFORD, - - PA.

Card of Thanks

I wish to thank my friends and neighbors for the many acts of kindness extended during the illness and death of my husband, John Wy Boor.
Mrs. Lenore A. Boor.

Presbyterian Churches

Services on Sunday, September 28, as follows: Schellsburg—Sunday School 9:30 a. m.; preaching 2:30 p. m. Mann's Choice—Preaching 10:30 a. m. Everybody welcome.

Friend's Cove Reformed Church

Walter C. Pugh, Pastor
Sunday, September 28—Rainsburg: Sunday School 9:30; worship 10:30 a. m. Trinity: Sunday School 9 a. m.; worship 7:30 p. m.

Buy your Films for your Camera at Dull's.

INDIAN MOTORCYCLES

Few Bargains in 1912 models just assembled at factory from extra parts. All machines magnificent ignition. Do not wait if you would be served.

4 h. p. Chain Drive, \$162.50
4 h. p. Belt Drive, \$158.75

f. o. b. Factory.
Write for Catalogue.
H. SOMERS FISCHER
Agent. Hyndman, Pa.

voice improved.
Children should be encouraged to read aloud regularly, and others can cultivate a charming speaking voice by reading aloud at least one hour a day.